

# THE ECLECTIC.

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## I.

JAMES SHERMAN.\*

THE volume before us furnishes another interesting memorial of an honoured and useful man. Biographies are now as common with us as tombstones were once ; and while we naturally yield to a prejudice against every life being celebrated thus, if it be a question between the tombstone or cenotaph, and the biography, we give our word unhesitatingly for the biography : it furnishes to venerating and affectionate survivors, so long as they live, an interesting and copious epitaph ; and very few written lives can calculate upon or claim their reading after the generation has passed away. Were it not for feelings such as these, we should regret the innumerable multitude of memoirs teeming from the press, especially as few have the gift of a graceful brevity ; and we do wish most cordially that some happy pen amongst us would dip itself in the inspiration of old Isaac Walton, and give us a little cluster of charmed and charming lives like the immortal four :—

‘The feather whence the pen  
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men  
Dropped from an angel’s wing.’

This would be a pleasant exercise for the pen of Mr. Allon ; and if he took time about it we believe he would find a humour, and grace, and concision equal to the task. As it is, this full assurance which every tolerably well-known man must have, that his life is to be written when his work is done, must impart a most unhealthful consciousness to almost all that he does. One

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\* *Memoir of the Rev. James Sherman; including an Unfinished Autobiography.* By Henry Allon. London: James Nisbet & Co.

cannot wonder, surely, that Johnson should threaten to take the life of the man whom he knew to be engaged in writing his. The perpetual living beneath the consciousness of an inspector's eye is bad enough when limited to the present and obvious round of life and duty, far worse when the inspector is to perform his task for us after death. How much more pleasant, one thinks, to pass away without any notice save that which exists for us in the household circle we once occupied, the small field we once tilled, the one or two hearts to which we were necessary. A Quaker's graveyard is, after all, not so unnatural a spot as it has seemed : better, a great deal, those little unepitaphed heaps than lying eulogies indented into ambitious stones and marbles, or collections of human dust used as repositories for new exercises in the arts of sculpture and aboriculture. Biography writing, we are reminded by the piles of it before us, has become a disease. Survivors by thousands conceive themselves entitled to hold the microscope over a character, with their criticisms of 'Not enough of this, or too much of that ;' few, very likely, bringing any measure of affection or real admiration to the subject or the life, but using it as a readable opiate for that comfortable state in which neither mind nor body desires to have much to do. A further objection is, that after all, multitudinous as the biographies are, many, the very best lives, receive no such compliment. Happy they : their lives lie, like John Foster's grave, near Bristol (unless that fault be remedied, which was not the case when we were there), a dark, undistinguished, gravelly, and nettle-clothed heap. Why not? Few lives that we know, although those few are fine exceptions, possess much power over a living heart. A man's life is in his work : that survives, even if invisible. It is most mournfully the case that we estimate the worth of a biography very much by its cap and bells faculty, its amusing faculty. Has it incident? Is it an ana? We almost fear lives like those of Walton's, to which we referred just now, if published now, would meet with but scant applause and a limited sale ; lives which are studies ; lives in which the finished being steps or stands before us ; lives dear as the portrait we hang in the cherished place of our cherished room to remind, to suggest, to follow us with its eye, and to awaken old reminiscences, and to be inspiration to our actions and watcher over our studies and ways. These are the lives we want. We believe the power of such lives is by no means proportioned to the bulk of the book which contains them ; nor, as we have said, can it be expected that a life should be very admirably given to us while its owner is moving about in the world with a consciousness that it will be done for him. There is a wide dis-

inction to be drawn between jotting down the memoranda about a career, and the working out, beneath a due impression of its grandeur and majesty or beauty and tenderness, a life.

We trust that there will seem nothing ungracious to our present biography in such remarks as these ; but truly we have had a flock of biographies. Perhaps the very care expended by Mr. Allon upon the life of his beloved friend has suggested some of these observations. There is an evident disposition to give to the portrait more than the biographer's, something of the artist's finish ; and James Sherman's life was just one old Isaac, honest Isaac, would have loved to write. The nature of the man ; the cheerfulness, almost amounting to humour, of the man ; an indescribable something, perhaps better than humour, that prompt freshness of feeling, so often mistaken for tenderness, and in Mr. Sherman's case almost reaching to it ; a singular power he possessed, without being what we conceive of either orator or poet, of imparting his convictions to great congregations ; the extraordinary sense he conveyed of being a channel of Divine influences to the congregations to which he ministered ; the possession in an eminent degree of the useful and practical instincts, conjoined, no doubt, with the infallible instincts for all that is respectable and conservative ; that faculty which never makes mistakes, never errs by stepping aside to vulgar movements, or, if it does, does so with the grace and dignity of a peer in a public meeting : these were the powers which gave Mr. Sherman great remarkableness. His mental stature was not high amongst his brethren, but he was especially useful and especially good. Love followed him like a contagion. He, perhaps, never attracted deep natures. Such always found something wanting. His instincts did not apprehend their condition or their requirements. The ministers for such will never be the ministers of the multitude ; and we hope we utter no questionable statement, when we suppose that few have the twofold ministration of our Lord, who not only stood and spoke parables to the multitudes on the sea-shore, but 'turned to his disciples, and spoke to them privately.' There is a ministry for the masses, and there is a ministry for the minority. We wonder much that in our estimates of men this fact is so much overlooked. Mr. Sherman, in his best days, was a minister for the masses : a fresh elasticity of feeling, as with Richard Knill, an immediate response between his emotions and his tears, would very naturally be most effective over the multitudes he met. We sometimes demur a little to the fact that ministers' lives are so frequently the subjects of biography. The eminent lawyer, the eminent physician, the great painter or artist, nay, the great

tradesman or merchant, are their lives unrecordable? The prominence of the minister, we sometimes think, from the platform on which he stands, gives him a conspicuousness more than his need; but this must not be said of Mr. Sherman. We were not more surprised than pleased to find the high, and as it appears, natural estimate Mr. Allon has formed of his usefulness. He claims for him a power over the souls of men as the instrument of conversions not less than the greatest of any man since the days of Whitfield. To one sermon alone, preached in Surrey Chapel, in 1837, eighty-four persons ascribed their conversion, and it is believed many more who sought communion elsewhere. Mr. Allon says, that he rarely preached without some ascertained conversions, and frequently they were numbered by scores. This, to some of us who have heard Mr. Sherman repeatedly may seem very surprising; but we have already intimated there was a practical power and simplicity of belief about Mr. Sherman's mode of presenting truth which is always very effective. He knew little, perhaps nothing, of metaphysics. We read of his giving himself, in Reading, for some months, to a course of study of mental and moral science; but his mind was eminently unmetaphysical. It must have been a wearisome business to him; and we should suppose it a physically and mentally impossible thing to him to have read with any measure of comprehension a page of Hume or Hamilton, of Hegel or Kant. Is this mental weakness? But it may be also moral strength. If such studies add, in some instances, to the tenacity of a character, in almost all instances they paralyse its tenacity. There was great firmness in Mr. Sherman's step; he had no misgivings; and this, alike in the teacher and the general, is one of the first elements of power. Mr. Allon very beautifully says,—

‘No claim to intellectual greatness or originality is made for him. He freely and admiringly admitted the superiority of many of his brethren. His inner life was neither profound nor distinctive—it was simply intensely fervent. It did not, therefore, find expression in any records that it would be of service to reproduce. Not only was his life too busy for profound thought, but his intellectual character was not fitted for it. His immense activities were natural and congenial to him. He did not feel the stirrings and yearnings to which some active men have to do violence. He would have felt no relief in profound investigations. The sceptical doubt that comes of brooding thought was unknown to him. He looked at everything on its practical side. If he doubted, it was only of himself; never of Christianity. His was the greater blessedness of those who, “having not seen, yet have believed.” He “believed, therefore he



spake," and spake with the power and passion of full and undisquieted conviction.

'Some men's lives are distinctive and valuable chiefly for what is inward. If they express themselves at all, it is in books or letters—of outward incident there is none. They interest and instruct us by their thoughts about things, and by the history of their thinking. Such lives are fruitful in the minds and hearts of those who peruse them, by quickening thought and enkindling feeling. Other men's lives are chiefly valuable for what is outward. They are distinctively men of action rather than of thought—men of practical enterprise, of laborious, energetic duty. You read only of what they did—you can infer their thinkings only from their doings. Such lives are fruitful in stimulating activities, in "provoking to love and to good works." Our coldness is rebuked by their fervency, our dreamy selfishness by their self-denying activity, our unprofitableness by their great service.'

Like so many of the ablest men of our Nonconformist ministry, Mr. Sherman was born of parents in humble circumstances; but they too belonged to the heraldry of goodness. His father was in the employ of the East India Company, but in a position so low that his mother's help was needed to support their family. He was the only child, and this made it somewhat easier for them to give him the rudiments of an English education in one of the best schools in their neighbourhood (their neighbourhood was Finsbury). He was born in 1796. The mention of such years carries the mind back to the names of the active religious men of the last century. Thus the father of James Sherman became a child of God through the ministry of the venerable John Newton. The terms in which he speaks of his father are very beautiful, and bring before us a noble and sustained Christian character. He speaks of his power in prayer, and select and charming expressions always occurring to him rising above the current phraseology. He was dignified in his voice, slow and stately in his gait; not talkative; reading confined chiefly to works of theology, but mighty in the Scriptures, with considerable polemical skill, and power of picturing his sentiments into terse, strong language: such a man as would have made a fine old Puritan. He was chosen the president of a little band of good men who met daily for a short time to read the Scriptures and pray together. What a beautiful little glimpse! All gone; nothing known of them; every one of them having found his rest; comfortably and quietly put away, without tombstone or biography, after the life of trial and of toil. Surely the record of each life is on high. As to the good mother, she also was full of her experiences of Divine communions. Her conversion was singular. She was born in a

village very well known to us: Osbaldwick, near York. In service there, she was full of anxiety and grief under a sense of God's displeasure with her; that common state of mind so commonly cured and put away by indifference. Then one Sunday she went to the cathedral, and was arrested by the reading of that Scripture, 'Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and you shall be clean;' and the new thought took possession of her soul, that to cleanse her heart was God's work, and he was willing to perform it. And when the reader—one of the canons of the cathedral—went into the pulpit, and preached on evangelical forgiveness from the text, 'Daughter, go in peace: thy faith hath saved thee,' the seal of happiness and peace was put upon the young girl's mind. Then she came to London; and during the period of their courtship she persuaded her future husband to go and hear John Newton, and we know the result. Then their family was formed, their little, endearing, toiling family; and in after-years the memory of their eminent and useful son went back to the evening-times around their cottage fireside, when the day was closed, or closing, and the father talked over the incidents and the controversies of the day and the hour, interesting the young lad, and printing these things upon his mind as the chief pleasures of home. What a pleasant little insight! Are there many such humble homes now? Have we not become cumbered with too much serving? Has not our age become vainer, and our social strife too exacting upon the poor to allow of such retreats as these? However that may be, our readers will perceive how natural it was that James Sherman should be such a man as he was, the child of such a pair. The religious notions of the parents, our readers will gather, were each somewhat upon the 'Hyper' side of theology: indeed, Mr. Sherman's sentiments always leaned a little over on that side. But his mother was not proof against a little maternal vanity; and when bread was very high and clothing very dear, she found not only, out of her hard earnings, the means to procure a little lace for the cap of her baby, but satisfied the grave, Puritanic father somehow while sitting up to trim the cap; for she doubted whether Puritanical notions might not stand in the way. But when she showed the child looking quite handsome, he chuckled him under the chin, and, kissing the mother, exclaimed, 'Well, you are a kind wife.' 'Bless the memory of her kind heart!' says her son. 'I was about fourteen years old when she told me this story, and I well remember how I vowed that if ever I had the opportunity I would decorate her brows with the best lace that I could buy.' His education seems to have been quite beyond the average. He obtained some considerable knowledge

of French while at school. But his best education must have been by the fireside—the Saturday evening—when they all sang together,—

‘Safely through another week  
God has brought us on our way.’

The father’s voice was good: to poor old mother, on the contrary, it seems all tunes were alike, though she contrived to fall in so as not to spoil the harmony. But all these touches reveal to us such a home as practically we would wish to see multiplied, and poetically might be transferred to the canvas of Tiedeman. He was apprenticed to an ivory-turner. Here the trials of his life began. Indeed, there was a good deal of cruelly exacting labour and something like ill-usage; but there was the compensation: the Sunday was always spent at home; and he testifies this privilege made amends for many a day and week of almost insupportable fatigue. And then, again, on a Saturday evening he was generally sent to the warehouse with the chessmen and balls made during the week; and as the way was past his father’s door, ‘I generally, by additional haste,’ says he, ‘contrived to get time to run in; and as surely as I did so, there was a basin with a cover on the hob, which always caught my eye, containing some nice preparation for a hungry lad, made by his thoughtful and loving mother.’ To her also he poured out all his sorrows, and from her tongue he received the sympathy of the law of kindness. Then while yet a youth his religious impressions became fixed and decided. He gives the account of his first impressions with no forgetful mind or hesitating tongue. Mr. King, of Doncaster, seems to have been the means of fixing the meridian of his faith. He testifies that as he was crossing from Bedford Square to Montague Place, ‘I seemed to hear a voice saying to me, “I am thy surety.”’ I involuntarily turned round, half imagining that some one was speaking to me. After a moment’s pause, I said to myself, “It is the voice of my Saviour.”’ ‘Not more surely did the thief on the cross or Mary in the garden hear the Saviour’s voice than did James Sherman. Oh, the peace, the gratitude, the joy that followed!’ And he goes on most beautifully to say,—

‘Since that blessed hour I have often thought, If the stones of London could speak, what tales of human experience they could tell, of wrestling with God, of refreshing consolations from His Word, and of deliverance from temptation by His Spirit! In the bustle and hurry of passing crowds in the streets, we little think what is passing between them and their Father in heaven, or what is indicated by countenances cast down with sadness or glowing with

joy. Many a blessing, which no gold could buy, has been striven for, and brought from heaven, in the midst of its busy commerce; many a victory over sin and Satan, greater than any that Tower guns could celebrate, has been achieved in silent hearts. Blessed be God for the ministry of angels, but, above all, for the communion of His Spirit!

We have no space to loiter along those important days: how he imagined himself, at the age of sixteen, called to the work of the ministry, and what difficulties about such an important step rose in the stern mind of his father and the scarcely more favourable mind of his mother, whom he heard say, with reference to the matter, 'I fear that James's head is affected: he talks of leaving his master and entering the ministry;' how he became very ill; how in his first effort to speak in public he broke down altogether; how, at last, his indentures were cancelled, and he became free. But we really cannot see, with his biographer, in the narrative of his conversion, any 'tendency to fanaticism.' Is there not spiritual leading and spiritual calling? Are there not even human natures more susceptible than others to a Divine touch? Mr. Allon seems surprised that 'the impression upon his mind in his conversion and call to the ministry manifestly was, that there was something supernatural in God's dealings with him;' and the surprise seems the deeper that the impression of the youth was not corrected by that of the dying man: for he was dying when his mind referred to these old states. But is not every conversion something supernatural? and ought not every call to the ministry to be a supernatural call? There was surely no necessity for the excellent biographer to apologize as for a weakness in his friend; and certainly in his case the useful life justified the impression of a supernatural call. Mr. Allon says, 'The strong convictions of Mr. Sherman rested upon a somewhat perilous basis.' It is very true the emotions are not always sure guides; they must prove themselves; but we must admit and find a place for such as those Mr. Sherman records in our conception of the Christian life, and we must do it without charging fanaticism upon the subjects of them. Indeed, we see no middle course between the exemption of the individual from fanaticism and the charging of fanaticism upon the whole scheme of Christianity and the Christian life. Mr. Sherman studied at Cheshunt; and Mr. Allon affectionately seizes the opportunity for lingering descriptively along the walks and walls of his own *alma mater*. Cheshunt College was not much of a school of letters in those days: there was more preaching than studying. In the autobiographical sketch incorporated in the volume, the successful preacher goes



back with a good deal of interest to his first efforts; and, indeed, unction seems to have been as much his characteristic in those as in later days. He preached before his professors and fellow-students, but they cried. It would seem that even as a college lad he had what one of the fathers calls 'the gift of tears.' 'That fountain of tears,' Winter Hamilton called him many years after; and another said of him, 'There was a tear even in the tone of his voice.' It seems, therefore, very clear that the course of his ministerial labour was prescribed to him by the character of his mind and his constitution. We are not surprised that he tells us for mathematics and logic he had no taste, and the little he knew of them was acquired with severe labour; and while languages were less difficult, the pulpit exacted too much for him to acquire scholarship. The recurrence in his autobiographical sketch to the days of village preaching round the college is very interesting and even instructive. Mr. Sherman was, perhaps, rather eminently a preacher to the rich; but although sixty-one years of age when he indited his autobiography, he says most truly, 'Poor people are quite as good judges of preaching as the rich: they have not so many crotchets, they welcome the consolations of Christ, they speak their mind more freely and often more tenderly, and are more sympathizing.' And then follow some pleasant stories of visits made to the cottages, conversations with old farmers and others. When he appeared in London for the first time to preach, it was at old Harecourt Chapel, the minister of which place, not knowing the pathos and power of the young student, encouraged him, after his fashion, before going into the pulpit, by taking exception to Cheshunt College and to the doctrines taught there, and then to the youth and academical standing of the preacher. 'Young men are sent out to preach far too soon, sir,' said he. 'They should gain more knowledge before they attempt to teach others.' 'I perfectly agree with you, sir,' said Mr. Sherman. 'Good afternoon.' But the minister and the deacons together united in pressing him to preach. The congregation was small; the young student had his own mental depressions; his conversation with the minister had not helped him; he read the chapter in which Asa says, 'We have no might to go against this great company, but our eyes are upon thee;' and after prayer—in which with more tenderness than perhaps he deserved, he recollected the old minister—he took for his text, 'But he knoweth the way that I take: when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.' He says he felt that he was making no impression: he was dull himself, and seemed to his sensations to be making no way with the audience. He talked of the knowledge God has of our

way, and his presence with us in the refining; and turning round to address another portion of his audience, was surprised to see the jealous, old, grumbling minister dissolved in tears; and when the service was over he was the first who came to welcome him, saying, 'Forgive my rude reception. You have been a son of consolation. I forgot the injunction, "Let no man despise thy youth;"' and they were friends till the old man's death. And the service seems to have been useful to many besides.

Mr. Allon indulges in regrets that James Sherman in his college days preached so much and studied so little. 'Severer studies,' he says, 'might have strengthened his powers, and James Sherman might have become a Doddridge or a Baxter, a Henry or a Flavel.' No; he never would. Does it not occur to Mr. Allon to remember that Richard Baxter himself says, 'As to myself, my faults are no disgrace to any university, for I was of none?' And Andrew Fuller, Abraham Booth, and Archibald McLean, and Dr. Carey, never had any education in their youth, nor the benefit of an hour at college. It is the mind within, the heart within, that bends the destiny. Mr. Sherman's mind was of an order likely to derive little benefit from mere scholastic training: he was especially what is called an experimental preacher, one whom books and thoughts rather encumbered than invigorated. No doubt he preached far too much in his student days; for, as we have said, he had even then the gift of unction. But at last he left college. A trifling record of his college life remained for many years inscribed upon the door of the little summer-house in the corner of the garden.

'Ye pleasant flowers and shrubs, adieu;  
No more shall I your sweetness share;  
But with sharp pangs I part from you,  
And this retreat for secret prayer.'

Mr. Sherman was a Nonconformist, a Dissenter, but of an exceedingly mild and moderate stamp. We are glad that his convictions were as firm as they appear to have been from the testimony of the biography. He was for some time itinerating among the chapels of Lady Huntingdon. His ministry at Bath was very popular and acceptable, where also the following singular incident happened:—

'An incident occurred at Bath which was attended with painful consequences, which, but for the restraining power of God, might have been worse. I was on my way to preach on the Thursday evening, and while walking up Milson Street, a young man without a hat ran out of a shop and linked his arm in mine, saying, "I shall have great pleasure in walking with you." Seeing by the fire of his eyes that he was greatly excited, I presumed that he was either

delirious through fever or a confirmed lunatic. I was afraid of thwarting him, but more afraid of his companionship. Suddenly he left me, saying, "It looks like rain; I will go into this shop, and borrow an umbrella." But I had not gone very far when he came after me, and again linking his arm in mine, seemed disposed to be mischievous. I entreated him to leave me. There were no police at that time, but I mustered courage to say that if he did not leave me I should be obliged to call for help, and give him a night's lodgings. "Indeed," he replied; "if you will give me a night's lodgings, I will go home with you." The York House coach from London had just arrived, which he did not appear willing to pass, and, suddenly withdrawing his arm, he struck me a violent blow on the back of the neck, which felled me to the ground. When I recovered myself, I saw him dancing at a distance, and several persons looking on, apparently enjoying the fun. I was not much the worse, and made my way to the chapel. The text that night was, "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory?" In proving the necessity of Christ's sufferings, I quoted His reply to Peter, "Get thee behind me, Satan," &c., and immediately heard a deep, unearthly groan. Looking in the direction whence it came, I saw my lunatic friend leaning over the front of the gallery, on my right hand. I became confused, and again repeated the quotation. I requested the pew-opener to remove him. Springing backwards, he stamped and roared out at the highest pitch of his voice, "What! did you think that I was the devil, then? What! did you think that I was the devil, then?" He was immediately secured; but the confusion, screaming, and fainting which followed were most painful to witness. To drown the noise and still the people, I requested the organist to play a "voluntary." Before he could do so, my old friend John Bull, with a silk cap on his head, and a neckerchief round his throat, leaving only his eyes and his nose visible, rushed to the foot of the pulpit-stairs and cried out, "Sherman, come down; he'll shoot you! Come down, I say!" I assured him that I was in no danger, and as soon as possible dismissed the congregation. The unhappy lunatic was secured for the night, and afterwards sent to Dr. Fox's. I regret to add, however, that a few days afterwards, a lady who was in the congregation died from the fright occasioned by his violence.

Another incident put his personal firmness and courage in a fair light:—

'Entering the house of a lady one day, while collecting for the paying off the debt on the chapel, a dog flew at me, and fastened his teeth in my thigh. I shook him off with some difficulty; and, not experiencing much pain, I prosecuted my work until the evening. On retiring to rest, however, I found the wound surrounded with small white pustules, and exhibiting a very inflamed appearance. Rather alarmed, I went to a surgeon in the Vineyards, who, on looking at it, said, "If that were in my flesh, I would have it out immediately." "Take your knife, then," I said, "and allow me no time for reflec-

tion." He cut out a piece as large as a florin, and directed me to confine myself to the sofa. I continued to preach, however, sitting; and, though for five or six weeks very nervous as to the possible results, nothing injurious ensued. It drew out towards me, however, a large amount of sympathy, and gave me a little rest from extra-parochial labours, which benefited my general health.'

While ministering at Bristol, the scene of his first pastorate, he won the affection of little Joseph Sortain, a child of nine years old. Mr. Sortain always regarded Mr. Sherman as his spiritual father, and in one of his characteristic letters, written in 1856, introducing a young minister for whom he desired a pastoral charge, he says,—

'As you are my dear "Metropolitan," seeing that I have no living to give away in my diocese, be pleased, I humbly pray your Grace, to interest yourself on behalf of "my son Timothy," and see if you cannot help me in introducing him to some church. You will not forget that, as this *protégé* of mine is "*my son Timothy*," he must be your grandson; and, therefore, "O Paul the aged," think of thy descendants. . . . You must know your own flesh and blood. . . . He is, as your grandson, a much holier and simple-minded man than is your son. He is really a Christian man. . . . As the culminating point in his favour, he is, and was, and wishes to be, ever in ecclesiastical union with his father and his grand-parent.—Ever yours,

'JOSEPH SORTAIN.'

The more distinguished period of Mr. Sherman's ministry commenced at Reading, over a congregation desirous of union with the Church of England, but without its enclosure from absence of sympathy with doctrines preached in the parish. He commenced his ministry there in 1821, and his ministry there undoubtedly was very effective. We commend to our ministerial friends Mr. Sherman's account of the course he pursued. He says his success surprised no one more than himself:—

'The ministry was neither original, nor learned, nor intellectual, nor mythical, nor comical. Its doctrines were those usually styled moderate Calvinism. Its style was plain and pointed, and the savour of the gospel was in every sermon. But the truth was delivered with earnestness and practical application. God was my helper, and often surprised me by the impressions produced. I determined to write my sermons, except those for the Thursday evenings, for which I prepared a full skeleton; not to use notes in the pulpit; to speak as much as possible from my teeth; and to acquaint myself with the works of the best Nonconforming divines, especially such as Flavel, Gurnal, Sibbes, Howe, together with the works of such Episcopal divines as Leighton, Hall, and Taylor. For the first seven



years I committed my sermons to memory; but the labour of this was so great, and my memory was so faithless, that, after the greatest labour, I was often but little better for my preparation. After that time, I took notes into the pulpit, and learned to read without being much restrained by it; and it was a wonderful relief. In preaching I made many mistakes: sometimes of loudness for zeal; at others, of long introductions to my sermons, so that the porch was sometimes a third of the size of the whole house; and, especially, of sermons much too long both for myself and for my congregations. My strength, too, was not sufficiently reserved for the application, which, after a good foundation of doctrine has been laid, I have generally found to be the most effective part of a discourse, and should, therefore, have the greatest pains bestowed upon it. I tried to use illustrations and similitudes taken from the Bible and from common life, with which the people were familiar. Sometimes I succeeded, and saw the eyes sparkle and the mouth open, and heard of the effect afterwards. They were "goads fastened by the Master of assemblies."

In his early days at Reading he married his first wife, the daughter of Dr. Grant, of Clifton, after many difficulties interposed by the parents of the lady from the Nonconformity of Mr. Sherman. Highly honourable indeed to Mr. Sherman's activity are the memorials he raised in the neighbourhood of Reading. Beneath his guidance and leadership the Gospel was carried into many a destitute village. A great success in this field of labour attended all his efforts. He began with Woodby, a little village about four miles from Reading, where almost every labourer was a poacher. Here rose a pretty little church, capable of holding 200 persons, built of Bath stone, and costing about £300. The poachers were cured without imprisonment; and the Squire was so impressed with this value of ministerial labour, that he annually sent a present of game to the young men who preached there. Then followed Emmer Green; and a cause commenced in a farmer's kitchen grew also into a building of Bath stone, with tower and bell. Then followed Theale, whose character had won for itself the name of Little Sodom; and then Binfield Heath; and then Wargrave; then Soming and Pound Green. The period of Mr. Sherman's work at Reading shines, indeed, alike in the pulpit, in the town, and in the circle he filled in the neighbourhood. We feel inclined to quote one or two of the more striking instances. Here is an instance of the conversion of a hardened creature at Binfield Heath:—

WHAT CHRISTIANITY DOES FOR A COTTAGE.

'One instance may be mentioned. One Monday morning, Mrs. M——, an intelligent woman, the wife of a cottager, called at my

house in Reading, her countenance beaming with joy. "What has happened, Mrs. M——?" "Oh, sir, I have reason to be happy. You know my husband was a very wicked man; but such a change has come over him lately. Formerly, he would curse me and the children; now he reads a chapter in the evening, and we have family prayer daily: once the children would hide themselves when they heard his footsteps; now they run to the gate to meet him and to receive his kiss. On a Sunday it is not like the same cottage. The former part of the day used to be spent in the public-house; and when he came home, he was more like a beast than a man. Now, after going to our little church, where the gospel first touched his heart, as soon as we have had our dinner, he will take one little one upon his knee, and say, 'Now, Katie, repeat the hymn that I gave you;' and stroking the head of the oldest, he will say, 'Come, William, let us hear whether you can say your chapter perfectly;' and then in the evening he prays and reads to us. I seem to have a new husband, a new cottage, and a new family; all things are become new. Six months ago I was confined of this baby. On former confinements, he has cursed me and the children; but when he returned home in the evening, and found what had happened, he took the Bible and said, 'We must not forget to thank God for his mercies.' He read the 116th Psalm, prayed beautifully for me, the babe, and all the children, and then kissed me affectionately. I could not, sir, help embracing him, and, with many tears of joy, exclaiming, 'O William, my precious husband, how much the gospel has done for you!'"

"After listening to her simple story, I could not help exclaiming, 'I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth,' and congratulating her upon her cause for joy.'

Wargrave tells a story of another kind. It had been the seat of Lord Bolingbroke. He had poisoned, by his infidelity, the whole region. An effort had been made to obtain an entrance unsuccessfully, when the following remarkable circumstance happened, and secured a place for the preaching of the Gospel in a manner that seems especially to point to the righteous God who judgeth in the earth.

"A respectable family, independent in circumstances, and religiously disposed, settled in the village, and opened a large room for Divine worship. Two of our own people, who had opened a shop in the village, although at a serious loss of custom, threw their judicious energies into the movement. Many of the villagers attended; some became impressed, and open hostility ceased. But after two or three years, the family at whose house the preaching was carried on left, and another and more suitable place was much required. Just at this time a piece of land came into the market, the history of which was very singular. Its owner had bequeathed it to relatives, on the

condition that they should erect upon it no place of worship nor a school; if they did, it was to revert to other parties. A curse seemed to rest upon it, and all who came into the possession of it were reduced even to abject poverty. It was, therefore, to be sold by auction. We bought it, and built on it a plain but beautiful little church, with a vestry and schoolroom,—an ornament to the village.'

The following hint of what Mr. Sherman was in the pulpit at Reading seems almost to confirm the high estimate Mr. Allen has expressed of his great usefulness:—

'One Whitsunday morning, I was preaching from Isa. xlv. 3—5, "For I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground: I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring: and they shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water-courses. One shall say, I am the Lord's; and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob; and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel." And, as if to illustrate it, the Spirit of the Lord came like a flood over the parched souls of the congregation, and all became sensible that there was something more than human argument convincing the judgment. A secret, irresistible influence subdued the wills of many undecided souls. The congregation was melted to tears; and every one felt as if he wished to be alone with God. One poor backslider, on whom my hopes had long rested, unable to restrain himself, when I cried out, "Who will 'subscribe with his hand to the Lord' to-day? who will 'surname himself by the name of Israel' now?" cried out, "I will." The congregation caught the infection, and hands seemed involuntarily stretched out as if ready to sign their names. I thought it best to conclude at that moment, inviting all who felt disposed to commemorate the love and work of the Lord Jesus, which had procured the gift of the Holy Spirit, to come and seal their vows at the table of the Lord; and entreating such of the congregation as did not partake of the Lord's Supper to stop and witness its celebration. It was the most difficult service I ever conducted. A large number who had never partaken of the bread and the cup before came tremblingly to the table: weeping mothers bringing their stalwart sons; and fathers, who seldom knew what it was to weep, overcome to see their daughters there; children in like manner affected by seeing parents—and, in one instance, a grandfather—drawing near, with the publican's prayer upon their lips. I attempted to address them from the table; but the occasion seemed one on which words were little required; and I found it best to dismiss them, and entreat any who felt anxious for heaven, and willing to converse with me, to see me the next day, or before the next Sunday. It pleased God to move eighty-one souls, most of them young, to devote themselves to his Church and service that day. I confess that, concerning some of them, I stood in doubt: they had so little to say for themselves, and on many points seemed

so ignorant, and had such confused notions of the atonement, that I hesitated to enrol them as members of the church; but there seemed so much sincerity in their motives that I could not refuse them. I hoped that Christian instruction in the Bible-class, and from the pulpit, would increase their intelligence, and secure their stability. And so it did. Although many of them knew and felt only the two grand essentials of experimental religion,—viz., that they were sinners, and that Christ died for such; that he had invited them to come to him, and that they had accepted the invitation and become his servants; yet I was permitted to witness some taking a lead in the church, and others intelligently labouring for the salvation of their fellow-men. Certainly not more fell away than in an equal number of members slowly and ordinarily received.'

It should also be said for those who do not know it, that extraordinary seasons like these were not produced by any extravagance of manner. Nothing could be more calm than Mr. Sherman's general bearing in the pulpit. He seldom indulged in very solemn, and never in terrific appeal; but he overcame his audiences by a silent, overwhelming affectionateness. At last, after repeatedly putting on one side the call, he removed to Surrey Chapel in 1836. In doing so he had to suffer public and private tests, the queerest of which was his intercourse with two sisters, or rather, one; ladies possessed of considerable fortune. They came to Reading. One died: the elder survived, and resided in a house next to that of Mr. Sherman. A private entrance permitted both families to meet at morning and evening prayer. For this service she presented Mr. Sherman with £100 per annum. She had somehow conceived the idea that he would never leave Reading. No arguments Mr. Sherman urged about the superior claims of Surrey Chapel availed for a moment. Nor would she listen to any plans for a joint residence either in London or the suburbs. Neither the interests of Mr. Sherman, nor the interests of Surrey Chapel, availed in the presence of her crochets for a moment. She showed him her will, in which she had bequeathed to each of his three children £1,500, and £2,000 to himself, besides making him residuary legatee, which would have put into his possession much more than that sum. She had passed her eighty-second year, and was afflicted with a disease which rendered it impossible that her life could be protracted. Every argument urged by Mr. Sherman was met by the will, which she carried in her pocket, and which she held up, saying, 'You know how you are interested in this document. The moment that you decide to leave Reading, I will cancel this will.' After listening to the advice of friends, many of whom advised a compliance with the wishes of the old



lady, and with the friends who desired his stay in Reading, he laid the matter before God ; and he went to her and declared his final intention of taking charge of Surrey Chapel. 'Then,' she said, 'here is my will: I have no further use for it;' and putting it into the fire, 'There, now,' said she, 'I do not want to see your face any more until the day of judgment.' She would not take Mr. Sherman's hand, nor would she bid him farewell. She died sixteen months afterwards, at Bath, unsubdued in her resentment.

We must hasten rapidly over Mr. Sherman's remaining years. The life we have seen he passed at Reading—a life of great activity and usefulness—was especially useful as a preparation for Surrey Chapel. Mr. Sherman and Rowland Hill had been friends, and Mr. Hill was desirous that Mr. Sherman should be his successor. The place speedily beneath his vigilant supervision assumed a new appearance in the compact organizations of Christian usefulness. 'Father Hill,' as has been said, was no pastor. Mr. Sherman, in organization and method, seems to have been a pre-eminently good one. Shortly before his removal from Reading he had married a second time, having, some time before, lost his first wife. He brought with him to Surrey Chapel that lovely and devoted woman whose holy activity, when she, too, was removed, he memorialized in a well-known volume. No doubt, without at all depreciating the value of Mr. Sherman's labours, they were completed and greatly strengthened and simplified by her active piety. The facts of the volume put before us an exceedingly useful pastorate, and they no doubt have heightened our estimate of the activity and worth of this admirable man. All persons know, who knew Mr. Sherman at all, how catholic his spirit was. Hence, when on one occasion he had fixed his eye on a person as suitable for an elder, and an objection was made that he was a Baptist, and held very decided views, 'I tell you what,' he said, 'I should like to have an Episcopalian, a Presbyterian, a Congregationalist, a Baptist, a Wesleyan, a Moravian, and, if you like, a Plymouth Brother;' and then he spoke of the rainbow, all colours merging into each other, and all deriving their beauty and light from the sun. What a growth Surrey Chapel exhibits during his ministry! what a map and what a model! Here is a tabular statement of the number of members admitted from 1837 to 1854:—

	No. of Communicants Admitted.	Died, Dismissed, Lapsed, &c.	Total.
Number at commencement of Mr. Sherman's Pastorate, Sept. 4, 1836 .	...	...	556
Number at Sept. 4, 1837 .	...	...	722
From Sept. 4, 1837, to Sept. 4, 1838 .	257	112	867
" 1838, " 1839 .	251	121	1097
" 1839, " 1840 .	102	...	...
" 1840, " 1841 .	63	...	...
" 1841, " 1842 .	281	...	1268
" 1842, " 1843 .	154	159	1263
" 1843, " 1844 .	123	64	1322
" 1844, " 1845 .	135	81	1376
" 1845, " 1846 .	147	96	1437
" 1846, " 1847 .	136	110	1463
" 1847, " 1848 .	136	185	1414
" 1848, " 1849 .	129	166	1377
" 1849, " 1850 .	125	129	1373
" 1850, " 1851 .	78	248	1203
" 1851, " 1852 .	95	79	1219
" 1852, " 1853 .	96	114	1201
" 1853, to July, 1854 .	62	387	876

Then the church was crowned by a perfect coronet of activities: the London Missionary Society, of course; the Sabbath Schools, Dorcas Society, Bible Society, Tract Society, Maternal Associations, Mutual Provident Society, and many others. Surrey Chapel always has been, and we rejoice to know that it continues to be, a blessing to the whole neighbourhood. The pulpit was sometimes the scene of especial influences. Mr. Sherman was remarkable in his happiest Surrey Chapel days for an exceedingly apt and happy textual power. His choice of texts had often a singular fitness to an occasion; and he was able to throw in heart and allusion, which, while nothing on paper, aided by his smile or intensified by his tear, compelled the multitudes to feel that a most affectionate man was in their midst. Mr. Allon has not furnished any general illustrations of this, but he has quoted one, preached when perplexed by the opposition of the trustees to his proposed erection of new school-rooms, and when he determined on trying what a pulpit appeal would do. It was in July, 1840, from the text in Nehemiah, 'The God of heaven, he will prosper it: therefore we his servants will arise and build.'

'Making a most felicitous reference to the princes, merchants, goldsmiths, and strangers, who, in the third chapter, are specified as

contributing to the repair of the city. One passage is too characteristic not to be quoted:—

“The high priest and his brethren led the host in their zeal, (ver. 1 :) they builded the sheep-gate, through which the sheep entered that were to be sacrificed; and when finished, they consecrated it by prayer, as an example to all the builders. For if ministers are men of prayer, their people become such; their living example is as valuable as their doctrine. The princes, magistrates, and rulers took their share: Shallum, the ruler of the half part of Jerusalem; Malchiah, the ruler of part of Beth-haccerem; Shallun, the ruler of part of Mizpah; Hashabiah, the ruler of the half part of Keilah; Bavai, the ruler of the half part of Keilah; Ezer, the ruler of Mizpah. They had wealth, influence, servants, and all were cast into the work. The Persian government was too jealous to allow one man to rule; so they appointed two, that one might check the other; yet all united in this work.

“Nehemiah does not describe what he did; but he tells us in the next chapter that half his servants worked, and half defended the workmen; no doubt he took his share.

“The merchants who brought treasures from foreign countries, and enriched themselves and their families by commerce, built, and gave proportionately, (ver. 32.) The goldsmiths, whose profits in trade were greater than many others, were very liberal and laborious; one is specially mentioned, ver. 8, and all in ver. 32. The apothecaries, whom sin had furnished with so much employment in curing disease, and in embalming the dead, cast their respectable gains into the common treasury, and took an ample share in labour, (ver. 8.)

“Persons who lived at a distance from Jerusalem, some of them poor and doomed to servitude, yet would come and help: ‘The men of Jericho,’ (ver. 2 ;) ‘the men of Gibeon,’ (ver. 7 ;) ‘the inhabitants of Zanoah,’ (ver. 13.) It is not said that their work was splendid or extensive, like that of the rulers, but they helped.

“Some ladies were engaged in the work: Shallum ‘and his daughters,’ (ver. 12.) They could not labour, but they gave; they said, We will have a gate, or a part of the wall; something will represent us. Perhaps they had their own portion, or were widows, or devoted their ordinary allowance. Like some in our Lord’s day, they could not preach, but they ‘ministered to Him;’ and like some in Paul’s time—the ‘women who laboured with him in the gospel.’

“Young men are mentioned with honour: ‘the son of Harhaiah, of the goldsmiths,’ (ver. 8 ;) ‘Hananiah, the son of one of the apothecaries,’ (ver. 8 ;) one Hanun, who was the sixth son of his father, (ver. 30.) His five elder brethren probably would do nothing; but though the sixth, and the least honourable, he would work.

“Two men form a partnership, and accomplish together what one could not do alone, (ver. 6.)

“One man appeared to have been, not a householder in Jerusalem, but only a lodger. He had lodgings in the city for health or business,

yet he must do something to shew his goodwill to Zion ; so 'he built over against his chamber,' (ver. 30.) Most of the priests and others built over against their houses, but he against his chamber. Perhaps his landlord was too poor to build more than a little way up, and he, therefore, would build from his chamber, and complete his work.

"Now here is the scriptural pattern : if every one will do his part, —if the priests, the merchants, the goldsmiths, the apothecaries, the princes, the strangers, the young men, the young women, the servants, would do their part, all that we required would be easily and efficiently done."

'This could not be resisted ; it bore down all opposition ; the *vis inertia* of the trustees was overcome ; and in a perfect fervour of zeal, money was given and labour promised, and Mr. Sherman had no more difficulty.'

We must hasten over his frequent absences from home on account of ill-health ; his travels, too, on the Continent with his wife, in search of health for her, health which never came. This man, so successful and so beloved, had plenty of grief in his family—sickness, and death, and disappointment—and troubles with trustees and fractious people. Little sunny interludes break in : on one side the knowledge of much usefulness at home ; abroad some pleasant interviews with the King of Prussia, who seems to have conceived quite a liking for Mr. Sherman, and entertained him with great heartiness at his palace in Berlin. Poor old couple at Finsbury, how pleasant it would have been to have known it ! Poor old Puritan father's grim features would surely have relaxed into a smile could he have seen the destiny of the little ivory-turner.

The death of his second wife was his greatest trial ; and then came the preparation of the Memoir. 'I have often seen him in his study,' says Mr. Tyler, one of his elders and most intimate friends, 'weeping excessively over letters from which he was making selections for the Memoir. I used to say to him that he ought not to attempt it ; but he would reply, "I cannot trust it in other hands ; I must go through with it." 'With her,' says Mr. Allon, 'the chief earthly sunshine of Mr. Sherman's life departed ; a sadness rested upon it ever afterwards.' It is not difficult to believe it. The ineffableness passed from his face, and the smile of his later years was something very different from that of the first days at Surrey. In 1854 he removed to Blackheath, and his success there was as marked as in the previous fields of his ministry. Our readers know the rest : how, although so late in life, he was seized with hemorrhage of the lungs ; how he visited Malta and Egypt in search of health ; how, with a subdued tranquillity, he stepped along into the valley through which we must all walk. Quietly, and with quiet words, he passed away.



'Near home,' was one of his last responses; and again, 'It is all right—all is bright—there are no clouds;' and so in February, 1862, he fell asleep.

We have so far overstepped our space that we can only say, we trust our paper has expressed our affectionate admiration for the memory of a man of whom we would that there were more copies, and our sense of the reverent and painfully anxious and affectionate spirit which has guided the pen of his co-worker, friend, and biographer.

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II.

COMMENTARIES ON SHAKESPEARE—GERVINUS.\*

FIFTY-SIX years have passed away since THE ECLECTIC REVIEW, in noticing Twiss' Index to Shakespeare, expressed its pity and contempt for the 'censurable misapplication of his time and talents' 'at the shrine of Shakespeare.' The article went so far as to speak of his name with execration, saying, 'We cannot but shudder at the state of those who have opened fountains of impurity;' warning its readers against 'inhaling the pestiferous vapours;' spoke of him as, 'in the moral sense, the poet of nature.' 'Thousands of unhappy spirits, and thousands yet to increase their number, will everlastingly look back with unutterable anguish on the nights and days in which the plays of Shakespeare ministered to their guilty delights;' with very much more to the same purpose. Even so late as 1842, our excellent although now extinct periodical 'The Congregational Magazine,' published an essay in exception to Dr. Winter Hamilton's brilliant papers on the tragedies and comedies of Shakespeare in the 'Nugæ Literariæ,' entitled, 'Is Shakespeare a Fit Author for the Christian's Perusal?' and Dr. Hamilton received rather hard measure. The admirer of Shakespeare, the writer declared, would not be long in paying his respects to Byron. A theatrical taste would assuredly be imbibed. Parnassus and Zion, it was asserted, stand on opposite sides of the Christian's route; and the article closed by asserting that 'Shakes-

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\* *Shakespeare: Commentaries.* By Dr. G. G. Gervinus, Professor at Heidelberg. Translated under the Author's superintendence by F. E. Bunnett. Two Vols. Smith, Elder, & Co.

peare—yes, even Shakespeare laureate—idolized and almost deified as he is, must for Christian ministers and religious professors be consigned to the *Index Expurgatorius*.' Since the publication of the article in the *ECLECTIC*, in 1807, the fame of Shakespeare, and the whole foundations of that fame, have changed indeed. Whatever of commentary or criticism, apprehension or appreciation, existed before, is quite dwarfed and thrown into the shade by the estimation in which he is held now. Since then the subtle and suggestive lectures of Coleridge led the way to innumerable attempts in fathoming these marvelous creations. Utterly shaming our enthusiasm for our national poet, the great German school has arisen, with its wondrous and often too refining analysis; the massive and intuitional lectures of Schlegel; the commentaries of Tieck and Ulrici; the fine and all too brief strokes of Goethe's illuminating wisdom. For some years Shakespeare has been rather a tyrannic fashion. Before us lies a number of the 'Church of England Quarterly Review,' with an elaborate article entitled, 'Shakespeare's Church of Englandism.'\* The Papists have, with an audacity all their own—an audacity, too, reprov'd in a thousand places in his works—claimed him. Mr. Birch, on the contrary, publishes an inquiry into the philosophy and religion of Shakespeare,† in which the Pantheism and systematic apology for licentiousness of the dramatist is very unscrupulously asserted and wrought out. Other writers have adopted theories still more absurd. Some have even found the true author of Shakespeare to be Lord Bacon; for which there is about as much evidence as that Shakespeare wrote Bacon's Essays and the 'Novum Organum.' Some have applied to him the principles of a Colenso criticism, reducing his personality and existence to the very smallest proportion, and making his works, as the works of Homer had been made upon the same principle, a tatterdemalionish collection of floating fables and ballads, unicised by Shakespeare with a measure of genius, but wholly destitute of the formative judgment. In a word, we might very easily occupy a number of the *ECLECTIC* by simply referring to the innumerable crudities and elaborations of the vast universe of Shakesperian literature. To that same literature we have a very interesting addition in the pair of portly volumes before us, by Professor Gervinus. Talked of a long time in England during the course of their delivery, they cannot but be received with thankfulness and pleasure.

\* 'Church of England Quarterly Review.' April, 1849.

† 'An Inquiry into the Philosophy and Religion of Shakespeare. By W. J. Birch, M.A., New Inn Hall, Oxon.

They exhibit a fine quality of metaphysical analysis, a large acquaintance with and a profound thoughtfulness upon all that belongs to the subjects of them. On the other hand, we can have little hesitation in saying, that they, too, fall among the German quicksands of an excessive refinement and wasteful analysis. Such a book does suggest the expression of the wonder that its like has not been performed by any countryman of the great poet. It certainly cannot be that there is any tendency amongst us to sympathize with the sentiments of our ancient ancestor of the ECLECTIC. Shakespeare stands sufficiently high in national eminence and admiration. His name, his words, his sentiments, are inwrought with the very texture of our national mind and language; but it may perhaps be questioned whether we have as yet a true appreciation of the unity of his genius and his works. To Coleridge we have indeed referred; but his are lectures especially for scholars in our literature, and they are very brief and broken. America has even gone beyond us in the attempt to popularize and delineate from their internal centre the characters.\* Now we, upon whom the mantle of ECLECTIC criticism has fallen, taking a very widely different view of things from our vatic progenitor, deem it a duty imposed upon every cultivated mind to know Shakespeare thoroughly; and we the rather think this because we regard him as especially and pre-eminently in his greater works the poet of Christian freedom and Christian civilization.

It may seem to be difficult from his writings to fix distinctly the creed and the character of Shakespeare; yet the finest utterances of Christian faith and truth, the finest expressions of Christian life, may be found among his lines. We have the absolute dominion of Divine grace:—

‘Why all the souls that were were forfeit once,  
And he that might the vantage best have made,  
Found out the remedy. How would you be  
If he which is the son of judgment should  
But judge you as you are? O think on that,  
And mercy then will breathe within your lips  
Like man new made.’

Shakespeare would seem to have no sympathy with the anthropological heresies of Darwin and Huxley; for when Malvolio says, ‘That the soul of our ancestor, according to the opinion of Pythagoras, might haply inhabit a bird;’ and the clown inquires, ‘What thinkest thou of his opinion?’ he replies, ‘I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his

\* ‘Lectures on Shakespeare.’ By H. N. Hudson. Two Vols. New York: Baker & Scrivener.

opinion.' It is very true that expressions of every kind of opinion, and of all phases of knowledge, are to be found in these works; but it would be very possible to find from them a distinct and copious utterance of most of the particulars of the Christian faith.

We are far from the disposition to defend all the words Shakespeare uses; but we should quite maintain that most of his sins are verbal, and therefore faults of style rather than sins. In his age our language had not emerged altogether from vernacular coarseness. Traces of this are found even in our translation of the Scriptures, where surely there are many words which modern delicacy would substitute by others less offensive. Foolish, infidel minds have sometimes taken exception to the Scriptures from these verbal creases of unrefined speech. It is quite sufficient to reply to them, that the book is to be tried and tested by its great highway of intention and doctrine; while, indeed, its verbal phraseology is for all purposes pure enough. And this is the very thing we say with reference to Shakespeare. His purity is to us amazing, remembering especially that his companions were players, not theologians; courtiers, and men about town, rather than parsons. Even his language, while occasionally, we may say in some of his works, frequently, might be more refined, is marvellously pure when compared with the works of his immediate contemporaries. Beaumont and Fletcher, for instance, we would on no pretext whatever keep upon our library-shelves: their filthiness is nauseous and nauseating; and we should right cheerfully pronounce upon them and their works the verdict pronounced by the *ECLECTIC* of 1807 on Shakespeare. Even Ben Jonson is abominably coarse, and worse than coarse; and Marlowe, and Webster, and Massinger, and Ford, and all the race, indeed, are shockingly sinful in this unpruned licentiousness of speech. Now it is not that Shakespeare is comparatively free from this when regarded by the side of his contemporaries; from impurity he is absolutely free. Impurity with him is never its own motive, as in the writers to whom we have referred; and we believe we only express a simple truth when we say that, in diction and conception, he is as pure as that model of all that is pure in literature and poetry, Edmund Spenser. 'The Faery Queen' itself might furnish quite as much occasion for the severities of the purists as the dramas of Shakespeare. We have wasted too much time on this particular, the rather that those to whom we reply are evidently quite ignorant of the literature they defame.

This point conceded, then, we should maintain that one of the finest metaphysical exercises for a student, and one of the



most refreshing recreations for the active man of letters and of life, is the study of the combinations and complications of character in Shakespeare. The fact proves this. What innumerable instances we have of tired and aged students, hard lawyers, and pious divines, in a recreative hour finding themselves arrested by these bewitching pages. Only a year or two since, the octogenarian ex-Chancellor and Lord Chief Justice Campbell, in his autumn recreation at a watering-place, occupied his thoroughly legal mind with an inquiry into the legal knowledge of Shakespeare, and gave to the world the result in a small volume. Two of the ablest of modern papers upon the subject are from our own Winter Hamilton, able and popular minister and pastor of a large church and congregation. He thought it not unnatural to turn aside from certainly more grave and solemn pursuits to inquire into the tragic genius of Shakespeare, and his comedy, as compared with the classical. We believe that Shakespeare is such a writer, that we become familiarized best with the subtleties of metaphysics by becoming acquainted with him. What is done for any man or minister by the study of metaphysics? Does anybody suppose that the lore and the casuistry of those occult sciences furnish conscious principles and conscious knowledges, to be acted upon, and beneath the light of which the teacher is to walk in the course of his teaching? No; but they enlarge the circle of thought; they enable the spirit to draw more confidently near to the great darkness in human being and character, and to front with a more steady speculation the vast and awful interests and lessons of the universe. This is precisely that which is done for a careful student by a close application to the works of Shakespeare. Mischief resulting from the study of Shakespeare, indeed!—but if Shakespeare and metaphysics were weighed in the balances of mischief, we wonder which would kick the beam? On the contrary, we regard these works all as pleasant, but by no means easy or painless, gladiatorial exercises; exercises of the sight and of the insight: for all the purposes which ever could be answered by the study of metaphysics, with the immeasurable superaddition that each human problem, each occult study, is clothed in real flesh and blood, and made palpable to vision, heart, and touch. We give the preference to the study of Shakespeare. This is the chief quality of the work we in this article introduce to our readers. Professor Gervinus turns each lecture, and all the more prominent characters of Shakespeare, into an occasion for close metaphysical analysis. We see the smile rising to the lip of our readers while we say this. This has often been urged against the critics of Shakespeare, that they have dilated too elaborately upon their individuality.

Is there any foundation for this? We have come to regard the men and women of Shakespeare as equally men and women with any we meet with in the living world. No characters presented to us in biographies have such completeness and such continuity. They are marvels, as every person becomes a marvel to us when at all interesting us. No other creatures of fiction so abide with us, and seize hold upon us. Without any of that romance of expression which both reviewers and poets are supposed to be entitled to use, these characters overawe us, appal us, or enchant us; it would sometimes seem even more at their pleasure than at ours. We have come to think so. We can now do no other than think so: the criticism upon Shakespeare has advanced us to this stage. No doubt that criticism has been greatly aided by the almost incidental words of fine intuitional natures, who seem to have touched the subject, and trembled back, afraid to advance to a more close and critical survey. This is the case with that noble criticism by Charles Lamb upon 'Lear,' in his earnest protest against the introduction of Shakespeare upon the stage, as tending to depreciate rather than illustrate his genius, from the very intensely subjective character of the higher conceptions. He truly says that he could as soon tolerate Milton's 'Satan' so represented.

'The greatness of Lear is not in corporal dimension, but in intellectual: the explosions of his passion are terrible as a volcano; they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that sea, his mind, with all its vast riches. It is his mind which is laid bare. The case of flesh and blood seem too insignificant to be thought on; even as he himself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporal infirmities and weakness, the impotence of rage; while we read it, we see not Lear, but we are Lear,—we are in his mind, we are sustained by a grandeur which baffles the malice of daughters and storms; in the aberrations of his reason, we discover a mighty irregular power of reasoning, immethodised from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind blows where it listeth, at will upon the corruptions and abuses of mankind. What have looks, or tones, to do with that sublime identification of his age with that of the *heavens themselves*, when, in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that "they themselves are old"? What gesture shall we appropriate to this? What has the voice or the eye to do with such things?'

It is in the same fine perceptive spirit of criticism that Goethe speaks, in remarks which have had an influence upon the whole realm of Shakespearian criticism, when he likens the extravagant speculations of Hamlet, as compared with his feeble will, to 'an oak-tree planted in a costly vase, which should have borne only

pleasant flowers on its bosom. The roots expand, and the jar is shivered.' 'These works,' says Goethe, 'are no poems! The reader seems to have open before him the immense books of fate, against which the tempest of busiest life is beating, so as to drive the leaves backwards and forwards with violence.' Nothing is more remarkable in the history of opinion than the fact that even the vast and iron intelligence of Goethe felt itself waved back and abashed from its intense egoism by the quiet and modest majesty of the English poet. 'Shakespeare, and no end!' is his exclamation when he commences his studies. 'All the anticipations,' he says, 'which I ever experienced respecting man and his lot, and which, unnoticed by myself, have attended me from my youth, I find fulfilled and unfolded in Shakespeare's plays. It seems as if he had solved all enigmas for us, and yet it is impossible to say here or there is found the key. His characters appear to be creatures of nature, and yet they are not.' And then follows that admirable and suggestive image, the aptness of which has so often furnished the text to those who have been desirous of conveying the true idea of the subtle intention in these works. 'These most perplexing and most complicated of nature's productions,' continues Goethe, 'act before us in his pieces as if they were *clocks, of which the dial-plate and hand were of crystal*. They show, according to their intention, the course of the hours, and you can see at the same time the springs and the wheels which impel them.' This conveys immediately our meaning when we describe these wonderful things as metaphysical exercises. Acting upon this suggestion, Professor Gervinus attempts to analyze the springs behind the dial-plate. Our readers know, if they be readers of Shakespeare, how large are the dimensions of every character, not to say of every play; how it seems to be as difficult to sound the depths of one of this man's characters as to fathom the springs of action and of character in ordinary life; and the great aim our writer sets before him is that necessary one, to show that Shakespeare's works were not the brilliant corruscations of unformed genius—a most mad supposition by whomsoever held, since a most impossible thing in fact—but their judgment is equal to their genius, if this language be not indeed quite ignorant, since how could true genius exist without the balancing judgment? Thus character and action coincide in Shakespeare as in nature; they penetrate each other; there is between them the closest connection. Our writer well says, 'If the characters are rough, as in the "Taming of the Shrew," or superficial, as in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," so will the actions be hard in the one and marrowless in the other. The deeds in "Lear" are not more cruel than the



characters are wild ; the misunderstandings between Othello and Desdemona not more unhappy than their ignorance of themselves.' The charm, it will be noticed, in Shakespeare is, therefore, less in the story than in the character. Hence the principles of his tragedies should be closely studied, that their power may be felt. Moral affliction is, indeed, as we have seen, the only true source of tragic emotion. Shakespeare was the first who painted moral affliction in the highest degree ; and it is freedom, moral freedom, which gives the charm and interest to his pieces. 'The great debates of nature between existence and non-existence ; these,' says Madame De Stael, 'absorb the whole attention of the spectators.' While the ancients believed in a fatality which came upon them like lightning, and destroyed them like a thunderbolt, the fatality within, in Shakespeare, was perceived by him to be not in fate but in character ; and the pathos which surrounds death is seen as greatly derived from the perception that it is the termination of probation. He always used the supernatural with the skill of a philosopher, and the awards of fate co-existed with the perfect freedom of the individual. As we have said, the fatality was in the individual, and was in accordance with the saying of God to Cain, 'If thou doest good, well : if not, sin lieth at thy door.' Hence, as we often remark, all the terror is within. The terrible dreams of Richard III. ; his sleep agitated with the convulsions of remorse ; the still more frightful sleep of Lady Macbeth, or rather the phenomenon of her mysterious watching, as much out of nature as her crime : all these inventions, says Villemaine, form the sublime of tragic horror, and surpass the Eumenides of Eschylus. The principles of Shakespeare's moral views are very concisely given by Professor Gervinus. He says,—

'Shakespeare's moral view starts from the simple point, that man is born with powers of activity, which he is to use, and with powers of self-determination and self-government, which are to guide aright this use of the powers of action. *Whence* we are, and *whither* we go, these are the questions, which the poet, as well as the historian, yields to philosophy and religion. "Men must *endure* their going hence even as their coming hither ; ripeness is all." "Why am I ? make that demand to the Creator ; it suffices me thou art." These two sentences accurately designate this point of view. In this *whence* and *whither* the man is passive, but in the course of life, active ; and here lies his tangible vocation, without having satisfied which, he cannot be matured for a higher degree of existence. Shakespeare reflected upon the powers at work in nature and mankind, and saw clearly the aim of the immense motion lying in the motion itself. This led him to those maxims he so much enforced : that nature only lends man his talents and gives them not, only



bestows them in order that he may use them and render them back again. In his moral system, therefore, everything bears upon the incentive to activity; life appeared to him too short to waste it in speculations and inaction; in Hamlet especially this lesson is taught with the severest emphasis. The most versatile endowments are in this man a useless, disordered mass, because the electric spark of energy is not struck into them, because with careful deliberation and overstrained sensibility he has smothered the instinct of active power, that first-born of human gifts; the speculative inquirer, who makes the thought and not the act the measure of things, becomes thus at variance with the guiding-stars of nature, with conscience and reason itself; they suffer from excess of use, as his power of action does from the defect of it; in the verdict upon his actions, to which these inner powers are called, conscience and reason err with him in the examination and trial of his case, and a false judgment checks and misleads his will; the most impressive warning which Shakespeare could cast against the sophistry of the sceptic, that by freshness of action he might bring him back to soundness of mind. Just in the same sense does the poet in his comedies also, call us away from ascetic mortifications, from vain studies, from all the quietism of contemplation, from the empty pastime of puns and wit, in Richard II. from the propensity to idleness and play, in Timon from idle luxury and idle charity, from all this he calls us back to action, since it becomes the gods alone to be mere spectators in this life; above all he punishes in Antony the sinful waste of great and distinguished powers.'

'Thus Heaven assists not the pious but indolent Richard II. in spite of his religious trust, but it helps indeed the pious Helena, who helps herself. In the same spirit the excess of love with all its sweetness, is despised, when it draws the man away from his strength, because "he wears his honour in a box unseen, that spends his manly marrow" in the arms of love.

'And just so, because work is not a curse, but a blessing, the poet's feeling goes against the tranquillity of the idyl; the sons of Cymbeline who live in the most charming innocence, question with a true human instinct, whether repose is the best life. Far rather is Shakespeare on the contrary an eloquent commender of want and hardness, which he esteems as the "mother of hardiness," the test of the soul, and out of which he would have us draw the spirit of good. Therefore he held nothing more unmanly than to despond in misfortune and to leave the helm amid storm and broken masts. Therefore in war lay the delights of his strong nature; genuine ambition is no sin in Henry V., proud war directly makes "ambition, virtue;" the danger of resting in idleness makes war desirable in exchange for peace, whose wealth and peace induces "the imposthume that inward breaks," bringing evil and death to the age. Warlike valour is, therefore, extolled even in its exaggeration in Coriolanus, even in its criminality in Macbeth, even in its union with usurpation in John, still more when coupled with heroic calmness in

Othello, with patriotic love in Faulconbridge, with that high idea of honour in Percy, with moderation and confidence in God in Henry V. Manly honour and valour are with Shakespeare one and the same idea; energy especially as among the ancients he regarded as the manly virtue (*virtus*). From this reason, therefore, Shakespeare has nowhere dealt with the subjects so familiar in German poetry: he has scorned to bring sentimentality and sensibility into a system or into attractive representation, to depict the isolated life of mind and heart, the images of feigned and artificial sentiments, the shrivelled forms of private and hot-house life, unless it be as caricatures, which pass by the noblest aims of existence. Throughout he points rather at the great stage of life, and values action for the sex and for mankind in general, beyond the contemplative life, the principle of Alexander before that of Diogenes, because it tends to larger ideas. The opinion of the active Englishman surpasses in this respect (and Bacon also is in this of one mind with Shakespeare) the opinion even of Aristotle, the man of active antiquity, who conceded the highest rank to contemplative rather than to active life. The great world-life of history possessed not for Shakespeare too much restlessness and hostile commotion for it to drive him, as it did Goethe, to escape it in science and nature; he had interest enough in it not to grow weary in its contemplation, power enough to raise himself above its evils, perception enough to hear the harmony in its discords. Finally, moreover from this opinion of Shakespeare's as to man's vocation to active life, springs his aversion to those systems of happiness, which is excellently expressed, not strictly in words, but in the whole spirit of *Timon*. For all these doctrines of the ancients respecting the highest good, aim at personal good and not at the common good, to which Bacon as well as Shakespeare directed man as to the only worthy aim of his activity. The hermit, who separates himself wholly from the things of the world, would have been called happy by Shakespeare as little as by Aristotle and Bacon; nor, according to this highest conception of man, would he even have been called a man.

'If the first impression which Shakespeare drew from the contemplation of the motions of life, was the conviction of our obligation to use our inherent power of action, the second was, as we have pointed out, the perception of the necessity that this power should be guided aright by reason and conscience. It is certainly not without design, that Shakespeare has placed in the lips of just the most detestable of his characters, Iago and Edmund, strikingly distinct precepts: that it lies in our own free will that we are thus or thus, and that it is not practicable to impute our base actions to causes lying without us; that fatalistic view, which disputes man's free will, the poet grants to the sceptic alone, who is exactly at variance with those true guides. The sayings of Iago, according to whom reason is given us to keep passion and sensuality in check, are quite the same respecting the contrast of mind and desire, as those which occupy the poet personally so frequently in his sonnets and de-

scriptive poems; free self-determination is esteemed by him as the most distinguishing gift of our race; mind and conscience are to be the rulers in the community of our inward being, who are to restrain the storms of passion; even a monster like Richard must acknowledge this power of conscience in bridling the strong and presumptuous, and even the aerial spirit, Ariel, is capable of mastering the fleeting inclination by the power of the will.'

How eminently all this is illustrated in 'Macbeth.' As to the story, the like of it is found in many a Newgate calendar, in many a newspaper narrative. But the reader feels that in 'Macbeth' he is admitted into the dark vaulted chamber of a murderer's soul, from whence hangs suspended, bringing all its terrors out into ghastly relief, the fearful lamp of conscience; conscience informing the imagination, following the imagination with her spectral beam, raising her ghosts, appalling with her scorpion whip of terrors. This is the subject of that fearful play. It was well said by Charles Lamb, of old Webster, especially with reference to the 'Duchess of Malfi,' that no one could so dexterously turn the point of a horror as he. But what are the horrors of Webster compared with those of 'Macbeth'? These are all the beings of the mind. The witches are painted and personated suggestions, the phantoms of the soul, luring ambition on. 'Macbeth' is the history of a crime contemplated and shone upon from the first by the light of conscience. The narrative of a murder in a newspaper is nearer to us; it happened yesterday; it happened in our street: how much more real, therefore; how much more likely to affect us than this metaphysical murder. But it does not; and the drama does, because the action is so intensely mental. The minutiae of the mental action are all developed. We are not so aghast at the state of the castle, or even at the murder: it is the murderer's mind which appals us. He is driven into a solitude of soul by his crime. The drama illustrates the tyranny of thought, the vigour and the power of thought, increasing with every revolvment and indulgence, yet, at the same time, smiting the will with paralysis. Macbeth is not a great being, beyond the ordinary range of men in his character. His propensities do not seem to turn naturally to evil. One evil thought has flawed the current of his whole being. He does not delight in evil: he is the servant of thought and opportunity. We do not read in his character the story of the power of personal will—this is the character of his wife, remorseless will—he is sacrificed to the want of will. The sentiment of good would seem to be strong in him; while, consistently enough, the poet blunts it in the later development of his character. He is not one to tell



the furies to lash on : he feels every stroke. His crimes, therefore, make him a coward. Macbeth's is the very temperament to see ghosts. His imagination has prepared the lantern, and conscience has painted the apparition. The judgment of Shakespeare shines here, as in other instances where his beings are played upon by the presences of another world. The dread apparitions of the banquet appear only to him. Many another dramatist would, with a false conception, have made them visible to all. But how it enhances the terror, that the murderer alone sees the shadow of his victim ! The excited imagination of Macbeth is wrought upon. It is conscience which coerces him to a belief in the supernatural. The moving array of witches, the gleam of the aerial dagger, the phantom forms at the banquet, are all in consistency with the sanguine and nervous character of the murderer, around whom glares the fearful light of conscience, invisible to others ; while this also makes consistent that pathos of mournful thought, uttering itself in frequent gushes of poetry, the sad cry of a spirit conscience-smitten amidst its despairs and its sins. The soul is shaken by its innate terrors. We have something of the Eumenides, the old Erynnes of the Greek tragedians. An effect is produced upon us similar to the cranes of Ibis ; but more terrible is the uncoiling of this dreadful snake, the rearing of its crest around the fate of the man till his soul becomes one conscious, doomed, and crime-haunted thing. Reflections like these guide to the solution of the relation of Shakespeare to the ancients. He has been often charged with breaking the unities of time and space ; and this has seemed to impeach his judgment, as well as to proclaim his ignorance. That he constructed a drama all his own is certain. That he violated the ancient rules of dramatic unity is certain. But why were they imposed ? It is this very violation which proclaims so distinctly the poet of human freedom. Those laws of time and space imposed by Aristotle and the ancients were quite unnatural. Nature does not resolve her questions so, does not limit herself either to place or time ; and less still now that the soul of man has asserted its freedom. It has been well said, that in this respect the freedom of Shakespeare's mind and movement, as compared with the ancients, is as the Grecian architecture compared with the Gothic. It is mind and movement greater rather in what *it would* do, and what it aspires to do, than in what it does. The whole ideal of the Christian world is different to that of the ancient Pagan world. 'Within the bounds of a pleasure-garden,' says Henry Mackenzie, 'we may be allowed to smooth off our terraces and trim our hedge-rows ; but it were equally



absurd as impracticable to apply the minute labours of the roller and the pruning-knife to the nobler irregularity of trackless mountains and impenetrable forests.'

Many long years have gone by since we began to read Shakespeare in this manner, regarding his characters as profound studies in human nature. We are not without a feeling of indebtedness to Ulrici, which, perhaps, prevents us from feeling the same for the work before us. With much of that needless German refinement to which we have already referred, we believe in the substantial truth of Ulrici's doctrine, that every drama has a moral centre, and that the attentive student will discover this if he rightly apprehend his great teacher. Especially this seems to be noticeable in the comedies, and of the comedies most strikingly in the '*Merchant of Venice*.' Shakespeare's conception of comedy evidently everywhere was, that it presented to view the ludicrous side of life. The comedy represented man enmeshed by malignant circumstances, but victorious over them; as the tragedy was the converse of this again: man enmeshed by malignant circumstances, and succumbing to them. What is the affecting interest in the tragedy? Even this, that men and women are ensnared by their own ignorance and misunderstandings, by their own passions and haste; and the black curtain falls upon the dead who might have been living and loving but for great and cruel mistakes. This is tragedy: wasted circumstances, lost lives, and lost souls; man, the superior being, dragged down by the inferior within him and around him: for there is a fearful teaching in Shakespeare of the remorselessness of moral law. Truly says Gervinus, 'He was deeply moved by the picture of a ruling Nemesis, whom he saw grand and powerful, striding through history and life, dragging the mightiest and most prosperous as a sacrifice to her altar, as the victims of their own inward nature and destiny.' This is tragedy, the dark side of life. Comedy we have defined as the very reverse of this. In comedy Shakespeare teaches always the purification of sorrow. What idiots must they be who talk of the unchristian teaching of Shakespeare, if with any thoughtfulness they ever read his words. A mournful and pathetic sense of the refining power of grief runs especially through the comedies of the higher order. Through each of them there may play upon the scenes the sidelights of clownishness and fun: not without a wise purpose these, either. But the intentions of the '*Winter's Tale*,' and '*Measure for Measure*,' and the '*Tempest*,' may not be spoken of as less than holy; while some, whose import has an equal cheerfulness and gravity without rising to the stream of richly distilled and

solemn music, convey yet the same great lesson in life. We have referred to the 'Merchant of Venice.' We take that to be Shakespeare's sermon upon hollowness, mock wisdom, fictitious discourse, and social hypocrisy in general; the deception of enthusiasm; the deception of gold or luxury; the deception of foppery and time-serving. It seems to have been the writer's intention to weigh men against the balances of the god of this world, and that symbol of all external things, money. The false hair and the rouge of his times are washed off and torn off in this comedy. We believe the others might be tried by the same test; but certainly the 'Merchant of Venice' offers a singular completeness. Have we not a satire upon much in our own times when Shylock says, 'My meaning in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand that he is sufficient.' And again, when Portia says, 'If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces.' How Bassanio satirizes many a flippant talker amongst us with his false show of words. 'Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: his reasons are two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them they are not worth the search.' And Gratiano himself satirizes the hollowness of mock wisdom in a well-known passage, when he says,—

' There are a sort of men, whose visages  
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;  
And do a wilful stillness entertain,  
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion  
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;  
As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,  
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!"'

It is against such hollow seemers that Portia protests, 'I had rather to be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these.' The whole of the play is a sermon upon seeming, upon appearances, running through every diapason of cheerful humour, sharp and biting satire, social description, and powerful poetry. A forcible illustration is the soliloquy of Bassanio:—

' So may the outward shows be least themselves;  
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.  
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,  
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,  
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,  
What damned error, but some sober brow  
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,  
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?

There is no vice so simple, but assumes  
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.  
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false  
As stayers of sand, wear yet upon their chins  
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,  
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;  
And these assume but valour's excrement,  
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,  
And you shall see 't is purchas'd by the weight;  
Which therein works a miracle in nature,  
Making them lightest that wear most of it:  
So are those crisped snaky golden locks,  
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,  
Upon supposed fairness, often known  
To be the dowry of a second head,  
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.  
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore  
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf  
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,  
The seeming truth which cunning times put on  
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,  
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:  
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge  
'Tween man and man. But thou, thou meagre lead,  
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,  
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,  
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!

We might have dwelt much more lengthily in elucidating our meaning, but we have, perhaps, dwelt too long already. Some such core and centre will, we believe, be found in each of our writer's works; and as this is discovered, the true depth of his moral meaning will be apprehended; for this illustrates that which we said just now, that in Shakespeare the action and the character interpenetrate each other. Thus, as Coleridge has said, 'One of Shakespeare's modes of creating characters is to conceive any one intellectual or moral faculty in morbid excess, and then to place himself—Shakespeare—thus mutilated or diseased, under given circumstances. In "Hamlet" he seems to have wished to exemplify the moral necessity of a due balance between the objects of our senses and our meditations on the working of our minds, an equilibrium between the real and the imaginary worlds.' One of the most remarkable essays on the genius of Shakespeare was published many years since, from the pen of Mr. Maurice Morgan, some time Under-secretary of State.\* He says, 'The vindication of Falstaff's courage is truly no otherwise the object, than some old fantastic oak or grotesque rock may be the object of a morning's ride, yet, being

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\* 'An Essay on the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff.' By Maurice Morgan, Esq. Wheat & Alard. 1825.



proposed as such, may serve to limit the distance and shape the course: the real object is exercise, and the delight which a rich, beautiful, picturesque, and perhaps unknown country may excite from every side.' It has often been a question whether Falstaff or Hamlet be the more wonderful creation of the poet. Every great poet has two inspirations: that of sensational impulse; that of moral elevation. Falstaff is the embodiment of the first. It is easy to conceive, not the Prince alone, but the poet himself, beneath the witchcraft of such a tempter. Falstaff is the true life Comus. He takes the true epicure view of life, the world, and things in general. It is, indeed, hard to conceive him as a mere poetic creation: that is the impossibility. Falstaff looks like Shakespeare's evil genius. In some degree it may be said he is in every drama; because, disrobed of his wit and his genius, Falstaff may be said to stand on the high-road of all life. The Prince felt the want of the fascination of Falstaff's society. Even thus it seems to have been with Shakespeare's self. He seems to have been haunted by such an influence. It is not difficult to imagine him, as Reynolds imagined Garrick, between the alternate spells of the opposite souls of Hamlet and Falstaff. The characteristics of Falstaff are rest, perfect ease, passivity, and sensuality; of Hamlet, unrest, perpetual pain, impassiveness, and the undefined apprehension of the spiritual. Falstaff shadows forth contented, nay, unconscious moral degradation. The self-consciousness which he unquestionably had, awakens in him no thoughtfulness. He takes, in a bad sense, the world as he finds it. He never struggles against fate, or society, or man. He finds himself in a depraved world, and he is happy. One of the finest estimates of this character is in the essay of Dr. Winter Hamilton on the Comedy of Shakespeare.\*

'There is a singular ascendancy of mind in Falstaff. Each of his associates feels it, and not the least the Prince. All sparkles around him, and he is "the cause that wit is in other men." His wit is ever ready, and is most fertile in its resources. A specimen may be offered. The raillery goes strong against him for certain items which Poins, at the instigation of the Prince, has found in his pocket when asleep. He complains of the robbery, to get rid of an unpleasant account which Hostess Quickly is prepared to urge. All take occasion to set upon him. He learns, in the course of their badinage, who rifled his pouch. He silences the Prince by charging it home on him. He feels how ungentlemanly is such conduct, and the accused cannot palliate it. He has got the advantage. "You confess, then, you picked my pocket?" We can almost see the effect of the thrust. The royal trifler with honour and delicacy be-

\* 'Nugæ Literariæ,' pp. 279, 280, 282—284.



trays a consciousness of having gone too far. He quails, and shows that he is in the power of his victim. "It appears so by the story." There is the confused countenance, and the stammering confession. Falstaff has beaten off all who were teasing and denouncing him. And this sense of power only dies when all forsake him. He becomes vain with it. A certain coxcomb, about the court of a Prince of Wales in our times, is reported to have said,—“If the Prince does not evince better taste, I shall be obliged to bring the old George again into fashion.” But our stout knight speaks of “the juvenal, the prince,” in an equally easy and protecting manner: “He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him.”

‘But with amazing fitness does Shakespeare delineate the downward tendency of depraved habits. And I may take, so to speak, Falstaff’s sword, once bright with honour, a knightly blade, flashing from its scabbard only for the enemy,—then drawn for rapine, brandished in riot, serrated with dissimulation,—Ecce signum.

‘Three indications are given us of this tendency, or of its wretched concomitants. The first is, the gradual occultation of his *intellect*. It is the unfailing effect of sensual indulgence. He is constantly losing his influence, and tries in vain to account for every man having a “gird at him” by the contagion of his own wit. Thus he attempts to uphold his self-esteem, but we observe the misgiving. It must be seen by all that his vivacity, his repartee, his good nature, his earlier gentlemanly bearing, wane. What is he in the *second* part of Henry IV., compared with himself in the *first*? It is a fading taper, glaring in the socket,—it is a ruin, though fragments of well-carved workmanship be there.

‘The second fact we mark is, the agony of his distempered conscience. He only falters in his wild career, and ever and anon he cannot repress his guilty perturbations. The first word Poins addresses to him is, “What says Monsieur Remorse?” With all his levity we see through the window in his breast. “I must give over this life, and I will give it over.” “Well, I will repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent.” Having said that he had forgotten “the inside of a church,” he repeats himself: “The inside of a church!” A holy, pensive memory, for the moment fills him. He then sighs, and almost chuckles,—so fitful is all such sentimental repentance!—“Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me!” Even when most profane, and when he conjures up the terrors of future retribution, it is but that anomalous state of mind which tries to make light of what it cannot cease to remember and to dread. When infamy is in his lap, he cries to her, “Peace, do not speak like a death’s-head: do not bid me remember mine end.”

““Last stage of all,” let us look upon his death-bed. That the separation of Henry V. from his former ill-chosen companions was as much praised as noted, may be inferred from the comparison of

Fluellen between Monmouth and Macedon, and between Alexander and Henry. "As Alexander is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and goot judgments is turn away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet; he was full of jests, and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks." And where find we the wretched Falstaff now? We first saw him in the *palace*, but though his royal master has not suffered him to want, has given him "competence of life," and "very well provided for him," he is not now a lodger even in the well-known Tavern, but, the victim of sharpers and wantons, he is infatuated to follow Quickly, who had been dragged to prison and afterwards liberated to her new abode. She has married Pistol. They keep a den of the lowest vice. She has no concern for him. She would have arrested him when purseless. She only harbours him now, because of the royal allowance. Not even her pity has he retained. There the knight finds his only refuge, an outcast from every other roof, the prey and scoff of wickedness run to its very dregs. He has never recovered from his sovereign's rebuff: when his hostess first hears of his sickness, she says, "The king hath killed his heart." Undermined in health and racked in conscience, before that blow he fell. Of his death we have only a narrative, in which we find much suppressed or but accidentally supplied. Yet it opens to us a chamber haunted with guilt, and echoing with groans. There lies the conscience-stricken wretch. The hag-procuress tells her tale in a manner suited to her audience, and worthy of herself. She endeavours to make it an easy and quiet departure. She reports it in the tone of ignorance the most extreme. She speaks of him as "shaked with the tertian" ague and fever, and yet as dying in a way little congruous with that complaint. Was not mental torture at work? From that, imbecility, at his period of life and of such a life, might easily arise, "playing with flowers, and smiling upon his fingers' ends." But that was only the physical harbinger of death. His spirit had not passed away. Awakened by her voice, he thrice calls upon God, after she has bid him be of "good cheer." In that impassioned invocation, something so terrible of accent and agony is heard, that even she is appalled; and easily distinguishing the appeal from any of pain or lightness, she tries to comfort and soothe him by urging him not to "think of God," as "she hoped that there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet." And there the harridan would have left his pall. But Nym and Bardolph, more honest than she, bear witness to his self-upbraidings for his intemperance and libidinousness; and when the last occasion of his frantic despair is denied, the honest boy asserts that it is true, that the dying libertine inveighed against the harlot as an "incarnate fiend," spoke of his certain devotedness to vengeance as though its minister were standing by, and, in hideous consistency with a frequent jest, expired as if seeing a lost soul suffering its doom! Falstaff is an object of degradation from the first. He sinks lower and lower. And he who now, in a green old age, might have been

the Prince's mentor and the nation's idol,—while the one is in full sail to Harfleur, and the other is in ecstasy for its monarch's reformation and chivalry,—dies despised, neglected, amidst the lowest and most abject of the species, in the vilest stews. The death of Beaufort does not so make the blood run cold as the parting from this life of poor Jack Falstaff!

'Thus is Shakespeare vindicated in a moral treatment of this character, the most uniform and the most retributive. He does not attempt to charm by wit at the expense of virtue, nor will he suffer a galaxy of the brightest points to redeem what is defective in principle or pernicious in example!'

We have referred hitherto only to our author's metaphysical views of man; but with equal interest he rises to the metaphysical in life in general, the world, society, and history. An American writer—a Miss Delia Bacon\*—supposes that the main intention of Shakespeare was to anticipate in all his writings the prevalence of the Baconian philosophy; and something of this sentiment seems to be shared by Gervinus, but surely without much justice. It is to take a very one-sided view of the character of Shakespeare and his work. He no doubt looked at everything and looked forward to everything; but then he looked round as well as forward; and it is the peculiarity of this man that all find in him the thing in which they are most interested. 'The Tempest,' indeed, of all his dramas, seems to be that most like the inspiration of the new science of Bacon. There is a sense in which Prospero looks like the impersonation of the first sentence of Bacon's 'Novum Organum:' 'Man, as the minister and interpreter of nature, does and understands as much as his observations on the order of nature, either with regard to things or the mind, permit him, and neither knows nor is capable of more. Knowledge and human power are synonymous.' Man's dominion over nature is by his intelligence, over superstition and sense by his goodness. Prospero looks like the divine intelligence of the race; the world, the island; and circumstances, the tempest controlled by the master-spirit of man; Caliban, the sensual soul of the world; and Ariel, the inventive and active messenger of the will set free by knowledge, which is method and power. Further, it reads unquestionably like a prophecy of future states of society and the globe's history. While reading the amazing performance, it is impossible not to think of the times in which Shakespeare lived. The magnet and Columbus had enlarged the boundaries of the visible world. Mystic islands, like 'the famed

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\* 'The Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespeare Unfolded.' By Delia Bacon. With a Preface by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Groombridge. 1857.



Bermoothes,' seemed to be perpetually starting from the distant deep, and every kind of wild and wonderful account was constantly ringing on the English ear. With this, knowledge was growing at home, and a sagacious spirit, like that of Shakespeare, would, it may be supposed, pry with intense inquisitiveness, aided by triumphant faith, into the future. The news from foreign lands brought home by the mighty navigators of those times would compel to frequent meditation on the meaning of society. Then the march of thought at home, the march of science, the thirst of the people for dominion, all combined, we believe, to shape this most graceful production, which we would regard as the author's colloquies on society, in which he saw how 'the sensual and the dark rebel in vain;' how law and order rule the globe. It is an ancient mystery, rising and kindling to poetry, history, and prophecy. There are touches in this drama among the most subtle of all. There seems a meaning in that charge of Caliban concerning Prospero:—

'Remember  
First to possess his books, for without them  
He's but a sot as I am.  
Burn but his books.'

The whole of this enchanting thing is the history of the contest between ignorance and divine knowledge; one of those comedies of which we spoke just now, in the close of which the divine and gifted spirit rises master and minister over all the threatening circumstances and enslavements. That often-cited passage was surely intended by the awful author as the key to more than the 'Tempest,' to life, to everything:—

'You do look  
As if you were dismayed. Be cheerful, sir:  
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air;  
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And like this unsubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on; and our little life  
Is rounded by a sleep.'

The same principle which impelled the poet to see through the 'Tempest' the growth and development of man and the world out of the conspiracies of ignorance and folly, led him also to take upon himself the task of the historian. His historical dramas are wonderful pieces of political sagacity. Pitt is reported to have said that he knew nothing of English history



excepting what he had read in Shakespeare. Upon which we should say, that he knew the best part of all history ; for what is the matter of a fact or two, more or less, and the lesser or the larger measure of chronological correctness, compared with a correct estimate of those principles which are the bulwarks and conservators of society ? The same method of profound wisdom we have noticed in the personal dramas, is found in the historical. An intuitive wisdom marks the distinction between those dramas which recite the story of ancient Rome and those in which he portrays the gradual growth of England. We can conceive that they all especially were intended to rouse the spirit of the people. Patriotism is a marked characteristic enough. How the theatres would ring when those bold passages were thundered out in which the independence of England is asserted—and we should recollect, while we read, that she had only just begun to assert her independence—such lines as these :—

‘ So by a roaring tempest on the flood  
A whole armada of convicted sail  
Is scattered and disjoined from fellowship.’

Papists must have a tolerable effrontery to claim Shakespeare with such lines as these before them :—

‘ That no Italian priest  
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions ;  
But as we under Heaven are supreme head,  
So under Heaven that great supremacy  
Where we do reign we will alone uphold  
Without the assistance of a mortal hand.  
So tell the Pope, all reverence set apart  
To him and his usurped authority.’

We should be far extending our paper beyond all justifiable limits if we were to attempt to point out how truly in Shakespeare we have the philosophy of history. It is true that the one great defect of his whole writings exists here : he has no heroic life. He never paints heroic life ; but the principles and the characters which ruin states, or, on the contrary, those which enhance the dignity of states, these are given. Coriolanus is a picture of what the military despot is in every age ; with no sympathy with traders or the people ; a man to whom nothing is interesting or human without the camp ; a man to whom all society seemed only beautiful as it became harnessed and drilled to the step and tramp and training of war. In Coriolanus the writer portrayed the age of military despotism ; in Julius Cæsar, the development of popular power ; and in Antony, the age of sensuality, when what has been won by the soldier's sword is wasted on a harlot's smile. Our own histories

from his pen are a succession of gorgeous tapestries, presenting in varied colours the Middle Ages, with the institutions, habits, and manners of feudalism. With his large love of freedom, Shakespeare was an essential Conservative, and has put on record at once his faith in education and his faithlessness in demagogism. Our readers will remember a memorable scene on Blackheath, when Jack Cade is proclaimed king:—

‘*Cade*. Be brave then, for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And, when I am king (as king I will be)——

‘*All*. God save your majesty!

‘*Cade*. I thank you, good people:—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

‘*Dick*. The first thing we do, let’s kill all the lawyers.

‘*Cade*. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o’er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings: but I say ’t is the bee’s wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now? who’s there?

‘*Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.*

‘*Smith*. The Clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

‘*Cade*. O monstrous!

‘*Smith*. We took him setting of boys’ copies.

‘*Cade*. Here’s a villain!

‘*Smith*. H’as a book in his pocket with red letters in’t.

‘*Cade*. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

‘*Dick*. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

‘*Cade*. I am sorry for’t: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah; I must examine thee: what is thy name?

‘*Clerk*. Emmanuel.

‘*Dick*. They use to write it on the top of letters. ’Twill go hard with you.

‘*Cade*. Let me alone. Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest, plain-dealing man?

‘*Clerk*. Sir, I thank God I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

‘*All*. He hath confessed: away with him; he’s a villain and a traitor.

‘*Cade*. Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.’

We must break away from the fascinating and instructive subject of these broken remarks which the work of Gervinus has given us the opportunity of presenting upon the man whom the more we regard him the more we are compelled to regard as incomparably the greatest human teacher the world has ever known. Some, from the prejudices of early education, will affect to see in the pages of Sophocles or Eschylus a power of dealing with tragic moods and awful problems almost as great; and others again have conceived that the sweep and tread of Corneille have an equal or superior dignity; while others in the humour of Racine and Molière behold rivals to the humour of the English poet. But the marvel of this man was, first, that he comprehended all these varieties. The topmost man was a piece of him; while, as we have seen, his powers were not spent, like Molière's, or others who resembled him, as Vanbrugh, and Farquhar, and Wycherly, on farce and on the travesty and caricaturing human foibles. The wisdom of the man, his universal prescience—this, which some person has called the everything of Shakespeare—this sets him so high and far apart above other men. 'This tragical Titan,' says Augustus Schlegel, 'who storms the heavens and threatens to bear the world from off its hinges, who, more fruitful than Eschylus, makes our hair to stand on end, and congeals our blood with horror, possessed at the same time the insinuating loveliness of the sweetest poetry. He plays with love like a child, and his songs are breathed out like melting sighs.' Thus his delineation of external nature is everywhere complete and wonderful. His imagination instantly presented to him, and enabled him to represent to others. Sounds and scenes float and rise amidst the more human architecture of his dramas with most effective beauty. Supernatural harmonies find just as easy an interpreter as when the savage Caliban speaks to his associates:—

'Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,  
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.  
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,  
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again.'

His image is not only complete in its own representation, but it always adds to the effect of the whole. It has usually that moral effect upon the whole machinery and action that the very action, indeed, if not advanced, is yet brought into a more vivid moral effect by it; while beauty and terror move alike at his command.

## III.

## THE VOCATION OF THE PREACHER.\*.

THIS is an American book, and thoroughly American it is. It is very readable; contains a great many very striking and even useful suggestions; but it also contains much that is shockingly coarse, even indecent. What do our readers think of the following? 'I presume to say to you, my brother, in confidence, that the devil is the greatest monopolist in the universe. The incorrigible old squatter drove down his stakes and laid claim to the globe—"all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them." He had the audacious temerity to maintain his squatter sovereignty before Him who made the world, and to whom the "earth and the fulness thereof belongs."' Or again, let the following extract illustrate our author's taste:—

'The orang-outang is said, by naturalists, to be the next animal in the chain of being below man, only one link below us; and yet, if it were possible, and a man should, in the possibility of the case, enter into a matrimonial alliance with an orang-outang, dear me, humanity would be shocked, and such a man, as says Job, "would be chased out of the world"—kicked out of creation. And yet, incomprehensibly great as is the disparity between God and man, such is the dignity and improbability of man's nature, that God enters into a union with it, more intimate and indissoluble than any matrimonial alliance can be. "God was manifest in the flesh," took a brother body of mine, and a brother soul of mine, into an inseparable union with the Godhead. When the bans of this union were proclaimed in heaven, there were no objections.'

The incarnation of Christ is only equalled by the marriage of one of the members of the human family with an orang-outang! Mr. Taylor's theory is, that in order to preach the Gospel effectually you must arrest the attention of your hearers; but in order to arrest their attention you must surprise. And the volume is for the greater part devoted to this, the wielding of the surprise power in the pulpit. It seems to Mr. Taylor's view of things that any queer, monstrous incongruity of thought or expression is permissible and profitable in the pulpit. No doubt it is very

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\* *The Model Preacher: comprised in a Series of Letters Illustrating the Best Mode of Preaching the Gospel.* By Rev. William Taylor, of the California Conference. Tenth Thousand. London: Henry James Tresidder.



desirable, even necessary, to keep people awake in church ; but it is still necessary to keep them awake without doing indecent things.

‘The surprise power of sudden transitions of thought from the point anticipated by the hearer, to another point remote but apposite, is a lever by which the masses are often moved.

‘On one occasion, when the question of granting transfers to missionaries, who had left, or should leave, their work in California, was being discussed before the conference, a brother, in an animated speech, having spoken of the distance we had come to save souls on the shores of the Pacific, and the privations and difficulties to be endured, said, “We did not come to California, my brethren, to

‘Lie on flowery beds of ease,’

and *eat chickens*.” We were all expecting him, in his high declamatory style, to quote the rest of the verse :—

“While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas.”

But the sudden transition—dropping down from the grand conception of fields of carnage and seas of blood, to the chicken-eating propensities with which ministers are often charged, produced a surprise that upset the gravity of the whole conference, and carried the bishop with all the rest.’

It is also true that our writer says he ‘would set the contraband seal on whatever is silly or irrelevant,’ also on ‘all attempts at soaring above our capacity—what Mr. Wesley calls “grasping at the stars and sticking in the mud.”’

‘An Irish orator once said, in his sermon, “Could I place one foot upon the sea, and the other upon the Georgiumsidus, dip my tongue into the livid lightnings, and throw my voice into the bellowing thunder, I would wake the world with the command, Repent, turn to God and seek salvation.”’

‘A young man, whose aspirations for celebrity as a preacher were only equalled by his want of all the essential elements except confidence, and who was finally discontinued from the work, was once discoursing on the expansive character of the human mind, and said, “Yes, my friends, the mind of man is so expansive that it can soar from star to star, and from satchelite to satchelite, and from seraphene to seraphene, and from cherrybeam to cherrybeam, and from thence to the centre of the doom of heaven.” We have but few young men, I think, who would undertake such a flight as that. One such would finish the reputation of any young preacher as effectually as Mr. Thurston was finished by his last balloon ascension.’

Mr. Taylor quite illustrates the opinion of Hudibras,—

‘For you must know strange things in pulpits  
Are told to please the listening dull pates.’

Well, these citations will give our readers fair notice of what they may expect in the volume. But there is also a great deal far better than that which we have quoted, and many young preachers, and especially those who go out into the highways and hedges, and into the Nazareths of our country, will find many admirable hints. The reader must remember that the author has been mostly confined to Nazareth in his ministrations. The minister has something more to do than to bring sinners to a knowledge of the truth, and to awaken them from their sleep. The attention now given to the men of the pulpit is very remarkable. On all hands rise complaints of the deficiency of pulpit power. Bilious and ill-natured and sceptical satirists never weary of ridiculing the inefficiency of the pulpit. We believe a cry was never more unjust. We have often said that we believe the pulpit was never more efficiently filled, and its work never more conscientiously performed, than it is now. It is true we have not many instances of men who combine in their pulpit functions the statesmanship of Moses, the holy sacerdotalism of Aaron, the logical mind and moral enthusiasm of Paul, the grandeur and forensic majesty of Chrysostom, the bold innovation of Luther, the mildness of Melancthon, the wit of Erasmus, and the everything of everybody else. For this is the gentle demand made not infrequently upon the ministry. Let the same tests be applied, all things being equal, to the ministry which would be applied to either of the other learned professions, and the order of the ministry would not suffer by the test. We speak more especially of the ministry among ourselves. In the Church of England we would limit the best severally to that noble order of men the curates and the incumbents.

What is the vocation of the preacher? Is it not immediately to front, and interest, and arrest the souls of men? A great work truly, and not to be placed beneath any work. Well may the preacher magnify the office to which he consecrates himself, and believe that no other work stands higher or can stand so high. We trust we have not to ask our readers to believe that the vocation of either the poet, or the artist, or the man of letters, can be higher, or can be so high, as the vocation of the preacher. Yes, we will say it. We put it strongly. To mediate between the Saviour and souls; to stand by the pure river of the water of life, and to say, ‘Let him that

heareth say, Come ; ho, every one that thirsteth, come to the waters, come !' this is the vocation of the preacher.

You have not to be told that there is a town, of all the towns in this world the most wonderful, the most ancient, the most powerful, the most glorious, the most famous. Other towns have churches and cathedrals ; but there would have been no churches or cathedrals but for this town. Other towns have castles, and moats, and fortifications ; but there would have been no fortifications, no castles nor bastions but for this town. Other towns have had their senate-houses, and parliaments, and halls, and judicial courts, and majesties, and thrones ; but they all are the shadows falling from the buildings of this town. Other towns have had their battle-fields : the war of strife has raged through their streets, and the shock of war and the lightnings of strife blazed and shook over the fields : all the passions of the battle-field, and their origin, is in this town. Other towns have palaces ; but there is no palace so beautiful or so brave as the palace of this town, none with a furniture so grand, none with glory so brave, or great, or subduing. We need not say it is the town well known to John Bunyan, the town of Mansoul. The town lies open to the sea. The sea flows down to it through rivers and bays. All its wealth, like that of most towns, lies in its neighbourhood to the sea. Strange land lies all around it, but it opens to the great world to which it belongs by five ports, the cinque ports. But the ports, themselves beautifully constructed, are yet as nothing in comparison with the wealth they convey. All the merchandise of pictures and of charming furniture, and all merchandise of music, and organs, and harps, and all merchandise of spicy and precious gums, and all merchandise of clothing and of food, all come hither, borne in by the wondrous waves that flow up to the gates, to the ports of the town of Mansoul. Five gates, said John Bunyan : Ear-gate, Eye-gate, Nose-gate, Mouth-gate, Feel-gate. But the greatest of these is Ear-gate. We have to do with Ear-gate.

But sometimes the people in this town of Mansoul are all asleep : over the whole place there is as the slumber of an enchanted palace. The people within are wonderful people, but you can do nothing with them till they are awake. One of the first of all conditions is to awaken the people of the town of Mansoul. This is the vocation of the preacher.

There is a curious passage from the writings of Mr. Toplady, which we may be pardoned for introducing to our readers. 'The painter,' he says, 'chooses the materials on which he will delineate his piece. There are paintings on wood, on glass, on metals, on ivory, on canvas. So God chooses and selects



the persons on whom his uncreated Spirit shall, with his pencil of effectual grace, re-delineate the holy likeness which Adam lost. Among these are some whose natural capacities and acquired improvements are not of the first-rate order : there the image of God is painted on *wood*. Others of God's people are not of those quick sensibilities and poignant feelings by which many are distinguished : there the Holy Spirit's painting is on *marble*. Others are permitted to fall from their first love, and to deviate from their steadfastness : there the Holy Spirit paints on *glass*, which, perhaps, the first stone of temptation may injure. But the celebrated Artist will in time repair those breaches, and restore the frail, brittle Christian to his original enjoyment and more than his original purity ; and what may seem truly wonderful, Divine grace restores the picture by painting it over again. It is the broken-hearted sinner to whom our God will impart the comforts of salvation. The ancients painted in water-colours, but the moderns have added beauty and durability to their pictures by painting them in oil. A hypocrite may outwardly bear some things that resemble the image of God, but it is only in fresco or water-colours, which do not last, and are at best laid on by the hand of dissimulation. But (if I may accommodate so familiar an idea to so high a subject) the Holy Spirit paints in oil ; he accompanies his work with unction and power.

This is a singular passage, but we have cited it for the purpose of saying this is in some sense to be the aim of all labours in the ministry, if to paint, then to paint in oil.

But, indeed, the idea of painting does not satisfy us. The minister must be more than this : he must do far more than paint. True, he deals with words. Painting may be the language fitting to employ when we only seek to convey ideas—that is, images, conceptions—but this would but very feebly represent the work of the minister : it is to souls, it is to awaken souls, that they may be aroused, that they may be lifted ; and oratory is the power of words. Surely all hearers believe in the power of words. They are 'the great and wide sea, in which are things innumerable, small and great beasts,' on which also 'go the ships,' great ideas, but especially great emotions, which enter and bear their freightage into human souls. We have always believed in the might of words. By them in all ages God has effected his most wonderful things. Through them prophets and apostles, through them poets and seers, have spoken. Through them God speaks now. They have wonderful power : through them the thunders and judgments have rolled ; through them conviction has darted its lightnings ; through



them the genial rains of consolation have fallen. The minister is a man who holds up 'a form of sound words' as a glass in which the multitude may see, who uses cunning, and studied, and interpreting words, that the people may feel he holds and chains his passing emotions, and binds them in speech to effect power over souls. For this the man becomes the minister. For this all students are to be ministers. The minister must have a sovereign belief in his work, and in the power of using words so that they become realities. If it is not this, what is the ministry? 'The man,' says Dr. Guthrie, 'who has adopted the Church as other men adopt the law, the army, or the navy, simply as a profession, and goes through the routine of its duties with the coldness of a mere official, filled by him the pulpit seems filled with the ghastly form of a skeleton that in its cold and bony fingers holds a burning lamp.'

The history of the Church in all ages is the history of the pulpit. Even in the Jewish Church, in that great national institution the prophets and the school of the prophets, there was that which answered to our conception of it, and sometimes perhaps even more in harmony with our views of the work of the ministry; as when Ezra 'made a pulpit of wood,' 'to instruct the people out of the law.' We have referred to the recently published lectures of Canon Stanley on the History of the Jewish Church for a very admirable and clear, and, we should say, useful statement of the nature of the prophetic office among the Jews. That was one with our work of the pulpit. It was to reach the conscience of the people. It was insight into the human heart. It was a close connection with the thoughts of men, to use that power to bring the spirit to the turning-point in the life, the crisis of the life. The whole prophetic teaching stakes itself on this bold prediction, that all will be well when the spirit shall have once burned. The future is everything: the past is nothing. *Once turned*, then, the spirit goes courageously forward, in the strength of the spirit of the Lord, in the power of the life of Christ.

This constitutes power in the pulpit: the absence of this constitutes real weakness. The vocation of the preacher is to wield and exercise this power.

To recur, then, to what we have already said, the business of the preacher is to seek to awaken the sleeping people of the town of Mansoul. There is Imagination, there is Memory, there is Thought, there is Attention; and it is also possible for a portion of the man to be awake, and only a portion. Some men are, after all, only abortive beings, and some men are only sensational beings. You know how easily the mind is impressed by natural

objects, but we may not therefore call this an educated or awakened state of mind. On the contrary, this is the mind in which sensibility is awake, and conscience, and thought, and discipline asleep; and it is only more dangerously unawakened.

It has often been remarked that sensitiveness without tenderness is a very terrible thing—the power of feeling everywhere except in the conscience. Hence the preacher walks round the town of Mansoul, and seeks to awaken all the warders and the sentries, till the whole town is not only awakened but alarmed.

It should be clearly understood, then, by the preacher, that his vocation is with souls and for souls; not hearts merely, that is the region of the affections; not minds merely, that is the region of the thought. The preacher is to go deeper; he is to be a wielder of that Word which ‘separates the soul and the spirit,’ that is, the voice of the conscience and the voice of the mind; he is to be the holder of that Word ‘which discerns the thoughts and intents of the heart.’ If the preacher is to be a man of power, he will come in immediate contact with the consciences of men. For this reason many have said and say there is no art of preaching. Yet how ridiculous to say this: for every trade, for every profession, there is an art, a distinct art, and even for the very meanest. The shoemaker and the tailor are apprenticed to learn their trades. The young minister should learn to preach. If we have ever had a quarrel with the systems of our colleges, it is that for the most part they have prepared for the study, not for the pulpit, like some of whom a witty German, Richter, speaks, who had ‘learned the Paternoster in every tongue, but never prayed with it.’ So some have attained almost every conceivable kind of knowledge, but never ‘preached with it.’ As it is best to regard all powers as only on the average, in any case, therefore, we say to the student for the ministry, Culture, culture, culture; pray, read, and marshal the ideas; put them in order. It is knowledge, it is more than knowledge, it is wisdom, which enables the preacher to tell upon his hearers. It has been well said that ‘hearers have often neither the skill nor the will to take home to themselves general discourses, therefore the preacher must make the application himself, as Nathan, “Thou art the man.”’ Bridges remarks on Eccles. xii. 11, ‘The goads and the nails’ (*i.e.*, the words of the wise) ‘must not be laid by as if the posts would knock them in, but must be fastened by the masters of assemblies.’ This must be the vocation of the preacher, his study, thus to reach the conscience. This is power in preaching, but it needs deep experience, and prayer, and a knowledge of the Scriptures of truth; and for power

over souls, we have no doubt that a far more efficient test than the loudest acclamation and applause is 'the test of tears.'

St. Augustine, in his 'Art of Preaching,' tells us that he undertook to dissuade the people of one of those ancient cities, Cesarea, from a barbarous annual practice of civil conflicts, in which neighbours, and even sons, and fathers, and brothers divided themselves into two parties, to fight at particular seasons of the year, each one killing whom he could. He says, 'I availed myself as far as possible of the grand in eloquence in order that I might tear away and banish from their customs and their hearts this inveterate evil, but I did not think that I had accomplished anything so long as I heard their acclamations, not until I saw them in tears. Their acclamations showed me that they were taught and delighted, but their tears showed me that they were persuaded; and when I saw their tears I felt that the savage custom, which had been handed down from one father's grandfather's ancestor to another, would be subdued, and that, too, before I was authorized to feel so by the thing itself. Soon after having closed my discourse I turned to give thanks to God. And lo! Christ being propitious, eight years and more have elapsed since anything of the kind has been attempted. Many other things have occurred in my experience, from which I have learned that those who have been in any measure affected by the grand in a wise display of eloquence, show it by sighs rather than by clamours, sometimes by weeping, and finally by a change of life.'

This hints to us the true vocation of the preacher. We read of an ancient father who wept at the applause given to his sermons; he felt that his words had not gone deep enough. 'Would to God,' said he, 'they had rather gone away silent and thoughtful.' 'Well,' says Bridges, 'we must preach *to* our people as well as *before* them;' and, says Robert Hall, 'The conscience of the audience should feel the hand of the preacher searching it, and every individual know where to class himself.' Our spirit in preaching should be, 'I have a message unto *thee*.' If, as we walk along, we hear a cry of fire, we feel an uneasy tendency to look or run every way, but if one touches us on the shoulder, and says, '*Your* house is on fire,' then we, in a state of trepidation, rush anxiously to our dwelling. So great is the difference between the preaching which deals in generals and that which, coming home to close particulars, arrests the soul.

And will any one suppose that all this, which is the very highest order of speech and eloquence, can be attained without *culture*, without deep knowledge of the ways and the springs of the human soul? or fancy that the power to do this consists



merely in action or vehemence, mistaking, as the editor of 'Vinet' says, 'perspiration for inspiration,' or that the work is done by preaching to the nerves instead of consciences and souls? The vocation of the preacher is power; it is power, religious power. Suppose, then, we drop the word eloquence as an ambition to which the preacher dare not strive to attain, perhaps the probability is, that as that word is understood, most ministers are not eloquent. We believe we think of eloquence too much. What then? All ministers can, if their own natures are divinely touched and established—all can *touch*, all can *teach*, all can *instruct*. 'I often repeat to myself,' says Reinhard, 'that, after all, the Christian preacher is more an instructor than an orator.' Of course, is not this the apostolic designation, 'apt to *teach*'? A preacher may be a perfect, a finished, and most successful orator, and miss every purpose and end, and almost every art, of the Christian ministry; but the instructor, the teacher, *must* be 'thoroughly furnished' himself, and he will furnish the minds of some, even if he fail to touch their souls.

Well would it be if modern ministers would fire their spirits by the consideration of the lives and writings of those men who have eminently illustrated the vocation of the preacher for this purpose. We are sorry to be unable to point to a cheap edition of the sermons of Henry Smith; he was one of the early Puritans, one of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, mentioned by Marsden with Udall and Penry. We gather from the hints of his memorialist, old Thomas Fuller, that he was only saved from their doom by the special protection of Lord Burleigh, accorded to him, no doubt, from his family relationship to a large baronial family in Leicestershire. Udall and Penry were of worthless extraction, and therefore fitting food for the gallows and the jail. But Henry Smith was of the very Prætorian band of Puritans. He ran a brief course of faithfulness, and his words ran very nimbly. We believe few of the Puritans of that age had in so eminent a degree the blessing of Naphthali, 'he was a hind let loose,' and he gave 'goodly words.' His was especially that eloquence which makes straight paths for its feet. No knotty or perplexed question or discussion could ever induce him to turn aside to its digression. When the Strand was a widely different street to that we see it now, and St. Clement Danes a very different church, it was thronged to listen to the intense earnestness of the youthful Puritan, for he died young.

These are two admirable men not very often referred to, Henry Smith and Robert Robinson, both in their way apostolic men. They are models of perspicuous force, of ready clearness. If we desired that our words should flow like a torrent, we should



study Henry Smith. If we desired the style of calm persuasion, of quaint and concentrated power, we should read and study Robert Robinson. Henry Smith is every way the happiest representation of the genius of the old Puritan pulpit, while Robinson was a sort of passionless and popular farm-house Abeldar. They both spoke to the multitude, recoiling from all introduction of mystic questions; eminently they kept the high road. Robinson's sentences have more the ring and sound of the hammer and the accompanying spark. Henry Smith's have more the tone of the soldier, the conflict, and the clash of the field. Robinson did not so much preach to you, as enter into conversation with you; and his sermons, although so impressive for the pulpit, would have been as impressive if spoken by the fireside. Smith ran nimbly along, his loins girt like Elijah before the chariot of Ahab; like the prophet of the Lord sounding an alarm upon the way, and bringing himself into immediate personal relation with the souls of men. These men have no place in estimation by the great masters of the pulpit; but if a preacher rightly understands his true vocation, and what a model should be, and studies those men, he will be a far more able teacher than if he gave his days and nights to Jeremy Taylor, or South, to Barrow, or even to Hall.

In a review of the vocation of the preacher, we have been impressed by the idea formed of it by the Rev. J. C. M. Bellev. The evidence is contained in his sermons. We have one on Paul preaching at Athens; the course of description is, indeed, not new; we remember to have met with other preachers who have indulged in a similar vein of fancy. A wise preacher will turn to admirable account his wanderings through apostolic scenes, but Mr. Bellev shows us how not to use such travels; page on page is occupied by needless and impertinent description.

From the port of the Piræus, at the distance of five miles, the Acropolis of Athens, crowned with its ruins, rises. It is visible to the traveller, above the surrounding plain. When St. Paul reached the port on his voyage from Thessalonica and Berea, that rock would meet his eye crowded with chaste and noble edifices which the hands of Pericles and others left as the choicest gems of architectural taste to the world. Towering above them all the Apostle would first behold an evidence of Greek idolatry, in the gigantic figure of Minerva (cast out of the brazen trophies of war taken at Marathon); which, grasping its shield and spear, overlooked the city beneath, as the angel with outstretched wings at present overlooks Rome from the castle of St. Angelo. From the spot where the Apostle landed, up to the city, there had formerly been one con-

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tinuous street, defended by the so-called "Long Walls," which memorable fortifications united Athens with its port of the Piræus. These had been destroyed. Crossing the plain amidst their ruins the Apostle would enter the city where the evidences of idolatry, and yet of the taste and splendour of the Athenians, lay scattered thickly around him.

'He would at once be surrounded by altars, and temples, and statues dedicated to Apollo, Jupiter, Mercury, and others, skirting on every side the edges of the street which led directly from the Piræan gateway to the foot of the Acropolis. Approaching this termination, on his left rose the hill called the Payx, where the Athenians held their political meetings. Beyond it again stood the hill of the Areopagus, crowned with the temple of Mars. To that hill we must presently proceed. Before him, an immense quadrangular building intercepted his approach to the Acropolis. This was the Agora or market-place of Athens, and it was entered on every side by porticos, surmounted by statues, on one of which as Paul passed along he may have looked upon the "God of day." We read (ver. 17) that Paul was daily "in the market with them that met with him." This Agora or market-place was the spot where (ver. 21) the Athenians and strangers spent their time in nothing else "but either to tell or to hear some new thing." It was in reality a beautiful square, whose centre was planted with trees, interspersed with statues. It was surrounded by cloisters, probably resembling the Campo Santo at Pisa, and its walls and roofs were covered with paintings representing the most memorable incidents in Athenian history. There the Grecian artist had depicted the glorious achievement at Marathon. This colonnade received the name of the Stoa Pœcile, or Painted Cloister, and it became the favourite resort of Zeno and his disciples; whereby they received the name of Stoics, or the philosophers who frequented the painted Stoa. In the gardens within the court were the statues of the great men of Greece, Demosthenes, Solon, and others. Here, again, the evidences of idolatry met the Apostle's view! Mercury and Hercules and Apollo received the popular reverence in the midst of this market-place. The spirit of Paul was stirred within him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry (v. 16). The porticos of the Agora within which he stood were surmounted with idols. Statues of gods were erected in every direction within its cloisters—even in a favoured retreat both of poets and philosophers; of which Dr. Doddridge has well remarked, "The prevalence of such a variety of senseless superstitions in this most learned and polite city which all its neighbours beheld with so much veneration, gives a lively and affecting idea of the *need we have in the most improved state of human reason, of being taught by a Divine revelation.*"

'As Paul looked beyond, where the rock of the Acropolis rose above the city, he would behold it crowded with the temples and idols of a corrupt religion. When the Apostle "saw the city," as he passed along, he would no doubt ascend the Acropolis by its sole



entrance, the Propylæa, erected by Pericles. There would stand the temple of Victory, and within, or about its vestibule the figures of Mercury, Minerva, and Venus: there he would see the statues of Pericles, and also of the Roman Agrippa and Augustus. Upon the levelled platform of the Acropolis he would behold everywhere the most choice specimens of Grecian statuary, commemorating the mythological histories of the gods. But superior to all, he would stand beneath that colossal figure of Minerva holding her brazen-shield above the head of Athens: and he would look on that superb triumph of art, that epic of poetry done in stone, the temple of Minerva, the Parthenon!—the glorious effort of the proudest days of Athens; and even to this hour in its ruins, the lasting monument which tells the grandeur of that Greece which is no more!

A witty writer upon all this has conceived one preaching in Westminster in some coming ages, beginning his sermon with a brief account of the Reform Club, then quitting that building, the Duke of York's Column and Waterloo Place claim a moment's notice. Proceeding along Pall Mall, the eye rests upon the equestrian statue of George III. The University Club suggests a digression to the Isis and the Cam. Presently, on the left, the Royal Academy rises above Trafalgar Square, and the pictures which are now exhibiting there will claim a hasty criticism. The statue of Lord Nelson, at Charing Cross, is to an Englishman what the brazen Pallas of the Acropolis was to an Athenian, and therefore it must not be forgotten; that statue looks down upon the speaker. Nor must it be forgotten that Sir Charles Napier stood erect and stiff, and Dr. Jenner reclined meditatively, and the fountains played feebly, and the little boys vigorously, in the square. The hoary piles and the ancient memories of the Abbey and the Hall will next demand attention, and so on; but what a remarkable thing if the preacher should imagine that he is piercing the conscience or preaching the Gospel all this time. Most of Mr. Bellew's sermons display this mere artistic faculty, this gathering and disposing of mental stuff and wares which have been in some sense apprehended by the intellect, but which have never approached, and still less been absorbed into, the consciousness of spiritual truths and things.

Thus variously the vocation of the preacher is understood by those who preach. Mr. Taylor, in the volume we have noticed at the head of this paper, regards the 'surprise power,' and the ability to wield it, as the great characteristic; but it is clear even from the quotations we have given and the instances cited, that a large amount of power, and of many orders, may exist without this. For the unaffected and the sluggish, and the

coarse-minded, this may even be necessary, but the power of gentleness will more frequently make the ministers of the Gospel truly great, and we are desirous of seeing in the pulpit the wisdom of the word that builds, and the word that consoles, as well as the wisdom of the word that arouses. These are all necessary for the town of Mansoul.

The preacher has to obtain an empire over souls, not for his own sake, but for Christ's sake, starting from a centre with clearly defined principles, and not afraid if they should be called prejudices, since to lay aside prejudices is to lay aside principles; only let their tendency be seen weighing them in the balances of the sanctuary. A minister should have prejudices, settling some things once for all, not having again to lay the foundation—settling some questions, and going on praying for strength to fulfil the vocation to which he is called; for the weakness of the will is shown not in choice but in execution; it is the doing which so sadly defeats us all. There is a remark of Schleiermacher's that 'every man is a priest, so far as he draws around him others in the sphere to which he has appropriated himself, and in which he professes to be a master; and every one is a layman, so far as he is guided by the counsel and experience of another within the sphere of religion, when he is comparatively a stranger.' It is one of those remarks one cannot quite endorse, but how much truth there is in it. The vocation of the preacher is to be a centre and prophet to the souls of men; and a minister can never be strong or useful who does not remember this vocation. We heard the other day an anecdote of a highly popular lecturer who had been lecturing on George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, in a very unsatisfactory manner, without any appreciation of his spiritual insight and depth, when, as he went out of the room, an old Quaker went up to him, and said, 'George, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep.' That may be said, it may be supposed, of many thousands of ministers. How, then, can they reach the souls of men? The preacher must aim, therefore, at culture, spiritual culture, that he may have transactions with the souls of men for their sakes, for Christ's sake. And that power over the souls of men will be from his own sense of relation to eternity. It must be power, not a charm, to please, to attract crowds, but really power over *souls*. Man has been called a many-sided animal. We do not like such definitions, but we see that the animal races have a goal which they attain to; each tendency is fulfilled, and each individual and race expires; 'but man,' says an eminent writer, 'is a *yonder-sided animal*.' He is, if he is an animal at all. He has his true fulfilment beyond the rolling rivers, or all our

traditions and our hopes are vain, Christ is not risen, and we are yet in our sins. And the vocation of the preacher is to live in the memory of these great endeavours, and they will crown and glorify all his efforts.

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IV.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND—SUBSCRIPTION AND  
SUBSIDY.\*

**D**URING the past month agitations and actions of various kinds within the walls of what is called by compliment the Church of England, have very effectually and distinctly fixed the eyes of public opinion upon that antiquated, somewhat mythical, and dilapidated old party. Very various emotions swell within our bosom as we take note of the various doings of bishops, priests, and deacons. Canon Stanley, for whom we suppose most within his church, and perhaps a still greater number without, entertain feelings of the highest respect and admiration, calls aloud, in the letter he has addressed to his friend the Bishop of London, for a repeal of the obnoxious subscription tests before exercising the office of minister within the Church. The Bishop of London, on the contrary, calls for a million of money—a hundred thousand pounds continued for ten years for the erection of new churches in the neighbourhood of London. Both proposals are startling, the first by what may seem its naturalness and reasonableness; the second by its ludicrousness. The first claims our admiration by its magnanimity and generosity; the second, we must confess it, rather excites our sneer by its needless greediness. Of the two propositions, no doubt that which has created and will create the most excitement, is the daring but not unexpected call of Dr. Stanley. Already, we are aware, from private expressions of sentiment of the fear and horror with which his letter has been received within the walls of the Anglican Jerusalem,

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\* 1. *A Letter to the Bishop of London on the state of Subscription in the Church of England, and in the University of Oxford.* By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., &c. John Henry & James Parker.  
2. *The Times Newspaper*, May 2nd and May 4th, 1863.



both honesty and interest have been shocked at it. To those to whom the Church of England is, as of course it is to most of its moneyed lay or clerical rectors, a close and snug corporation for the carrying on money transactions in the temple, and calling them by the high sounding name of religion, the proposal presents most dangerous possibilities, though practically we think these gentle sellers of the doves may perhaps be in needless fear, since the sale of advowsons is at present as free as the freest free trade. On the contrary, others—men of a very different stamp, for whom we desire to feel all proper homage and respect, and who regard the Church of England as the corporation of faith, and who having signed with as much faith as was possible for so very elastic a penmanship—shudder to behold in Dr. Stanley's recalcitrant requirement the breaking down of the fences of the dear folds of the Anglican pasturage, and the letting in of all sorts of four-footed cattle, creeping things, and fowls of the air.

With reference to the pamphlet of Dr. Stanley, of course our readers need not to be informed that it is, like all that has proceeded from his pen, calm, generous, and gentlemanly, evidently written with the very best designs towards his own Church, and the kindest feelings towards all others. He seems to have been pressed forward to his present step by some passages in the last charge of the Bishop of London. In that charge, the Bishop himself repudiated that 'looking back to the history of the origin of the subscription tests, he gathered that their minuteness was devised for the express purpose of driving out of the Church many persons whom we should be very glad now-a-days, under the prevalence of a better spirit, and with wiser views of the Church's comprehensiveness, to retain and employ as its ministers.' So says the Bishop. A very different word is that written in the wicked article on the Bicentenary in the 'Quarterly Review' for July, 1862, in which these very ministers, to expel whom the terms of subscription were constructed and devised, according to the Bishop of London's own words, are stigmatized as 'pickpockets and receivers of stolen goods'! We cannot imagine that the practical effect of Dr. Stanley's letter would be very considerable, when we remember that that same article pleads for the existence of the Act of Uniformity as essential to the existence of the Church of England—that enormous and astounding piece of political abomination, with its conditions of fine, imprisonment, and transportation for the non-attendance in the parish church. We have no doubt that the letter of Dr. Stanley will open up again the whole question of sub-



scription. For ourselves, of course, we have but little to say upon the matter. We regard it as rather a question of the domestic polity of the Church Establishment than as affecting our own interests. We suppose it is not to be doubted that if the terms of subscription were removed, some who minister without would minister within the English shrine. But we suppose that this admission also assures us how certainly the step would destroy in many particulars the essentially conservative character of the Establishment. It is very needless indeed to say that the twenty thousand ministers of the Church of England are a heterogeneous mass of men. Through the whole strange trisagion of High Church, Low Church, and No Church; as Dr. Southey would classify them, 'Sly, the Any-churchman; and Sophist, the True-churchman; and Smooth, the All-churchman; and Sour, the No-churchman; and Savage, the No-kingman; and Stiff, the High-churchman; and Supple, the Moderate-churchman; and Sneak, the Low-churchman'—this is a Churchman's classification—it might be amazingly simplified when we remember what men are in the Church of England now. Every form of creed, and every form of no creed—Arianism, Socinianism, Pantheism and Atheism, Jesuitism, Papism. We really do think that the removal of subscription would practically have this effect—it would give a respectability to the Arian, or Atheistic, or Popish Anglican clergyman, which cannot be conceded to him now. Subscription has failed—has utterly failed—to preserve the purity of the clerical creed. Nothing worse can happen to the ministration of the faith than has happened. Dr. Stanley argues well that subscriptions are useless, and not at all essential to religious unity. We might present the argument under quite another aspect, and show that subscription brings to light one of the strangest homologies ever seen—a human patchwork in which the dreams of Hindooism, the dirt of Rationalism, and the darkness of Romanism have, with innumerable other mixtures, been baked down into that queer residuum, the clergy of the Church of England.

No, we are far from wishing to express ourselves bitterly, but we confess it readily enough, this dominant and aspiring sect often makes us feel bitterly. The most laborious and painstaking holiness, the most hallowed and inflamed genius, the most consecrated ardour, are placed at a social disadvantage, because their possessor has been unable to subscribe, it may be, to some trifling portion of the Creed, of the Prayer Book, or of the Articles, while he beholds around him men whose conduct proclaims their entire innocence of all know-

ledge of religious thought or experience, who have yet been able to swallow in a lump statements touching the most profound matters of Christian truth, Christian faith, experience, and church government. Of course, we express ourselves with some measure of feeling. There are few things in the Prayer Book, and few matters in the Articles, against which we should have to urge any protest. The proud and haughty hierarchy, the lords over God's heritage, the insolent pets of Church patronage, among them many men who never gave to religion the concern of five minutes in their lives—these command our indignation; and when we find such rashly and thoughtlessly subscribing where the stateliest, the most gifted and hallowed intelligences of the Church recoiled and dropped the pen, it moves us to something more than amazement. Speaking of the Oxford subscription, Dr. Stanley puts this in a strong and candid light:—

‘That any number of educated men, amounting to several hundreds every year, should make this subscription without considerable reservation is almost a moral impossibility. The story of Charles V. and the clocks is well known. A recent illustration of the same difficulty occurred not long ago in this place, when a celebrated theologian, by no means disposed to relax the general obligations of test, expressed his “utter amazement” that eighty men of various sentiments should have been able to subscribe their assent to three or four brief propositions contained in a memorial on an academical examination. What would he have said had he for the first time heard not of eighty, but of twenty thousand persons subscribing their assent to at least six hundred propositions on the most intricate and complex subjects that can engage the human mind? The hardship of these subscriptions is considerably increased by the time of life at which the subscribers make them. They are imposed not in mature age, when the mind has usually come to its final resolves on most of those great questions, but exactly at that moment of a young man's career when his opinions are in the act of formation, when they are least likely to be depended upon, when the lapse of a few years is most likely to change them entirely, when his conscience is most tender, most likely to be alive to scruples, most likely to be hardened by resisting or explaining them away. They are required, further, not from the illiterate, not from those who having once turned their attention to these matters are not likely to study them again, but from those who by the very profession, for which those subscriptions are a qualification, are continually led to think, and write, and preach on the topics to which their subscriptions relate, and from whom a truthful, and sincere, and unbiassed consideration of such subjects is even more important than it would be in any other profession; in proportion as the suspicion of untruth in one whose office is to seek out and speak the

truth is more mischievous than in the case of those who are simply engaged in the mechanical, or literary, or legal, or commercial struggles of common life.'

Hence there comes the latitude of interpretation, what Dr. Stanley calls 'the enormous scope of subscription,' and a plea for verbal license, since, says our writer, 'if we press these subscriptions in their rigid and literal sense, it may be safely asserted that there is not one clergyman in the Church who can venture to cast a stone at another; they must all go out, from the greatest to the least, from the Archbishop in his Palace at Lambeth to the humblest curate in the wilds of Cumberland.' There is an amazing statement, and to be made by such a man! Everything, however, that he urges on the attention of the Bishop has been thought over and urged a million times by Nonconformists. Intrepid and noble men like Canon Stanley come slowly up to that point of mental and spiritual vision reached during the last two hundred years from time to time by the innumerable ministers of the Salems and the Zions, the Tabernacles and the Rehoboths, little centres of religious experience where no doubt many things might be found to justify the sneers of satirists; but where, at any rate, lies and perjury, and other little moral petty larcenies of the same description, did not usually seek for shelter. Unwisely, perhaps, sometimes their aim has been to restrict the circle of their church, excluding all excepting those who conformed to their own household, but it was done without subscription. On the contrary, Anglicanism has evidently, in basing itself upon subscription without any testimony as to the religious life, thrown wide the gates for the entrance of every kind of charactered or characterless man who chose to avail himself of a wide latitude of interpretation and shuffle his way into the priest's office to get his bit of bread. It is a remarkable fact, and Canon Stanley has dwelt upon it, that while among Independents, Baptists, Moravians, and Quakers, not to mention innumerable other sects, there has been no subscription, yet their distinctive views are, on the whole, clearly known and but rarely departed from, and never in any great width without secession from the body, a secession among the first seldom occurring; so that it may be safely said that in each of these congregations or churches there is a religious life felt, and the distinctive features of which are well known. On the contrary, the clergy of the Church of England, who are subscribers, to say nothing about the measure of religious life felt, are not in their distinctive features well known, and when introduced to one, you are altogether unaware, until conversation informs you, what region



or religious latitude he occupies. We are aware that some of our friends speak of this as most beautiful. To us it is as beautiful and remarkable as the testimony of a lax old clock which insists on going, but goes out of its own erratic old head, and not in harmony with the sun, so that we derive from it no notion of time. Dr. Stanley thinks the Apostles' Creed would be sufficient as the test of ministration. Well, we take up the work of Mr. Llewellyn Davies, Rector of Christ Church, Marylebone, and he remarks with great pleasure that that creed includes no profession of the doctrine of the Atonement, and desires to be preserved from the snare of the substitution of a piece of human reasoning for the simple reception of God's message. We did not need to read Dr. Stanley's eloquent letter to be persuaded of the folly of tests and subscriptions, but we have little doubt either that the removal of tests and subscriptions will utterly destroy the essentiality of what we call the Church of England. The following eloquent passage puts the catholic spirit of Dr. Stanley in its well known and beautiful light :—

'And, if to these we may add, by way of illustration, any other human writings, we might perhaps name two, which owe their prevailing and pervading influence, not to any subscription or assent of clergy or laity to their dogmatic truth, but to the genuine, genial, Apostolic spirit that inspires them both—Keble's "*Christian Year*" and Bunyan's "*Pilgrim's Progress*." These are to English Christendom, Anglican and Nonconformist, what the *De Imitatione Christi* is to Christendom at large. Shortcomings, defects, errors of doctrine and of taste may be detected in each, but they nevertheless serve as proofs how mighty a fellowship may be created even by human compositions, without the slightest external support of the State, without the slightest requirement of assent on the part of the Church. Is it not certain that an attempt to enforce "the unfeigned assent and consent to all and everything" contained in the "*Pilgrim's Progress*" and the "*Christian Year*," would, so far from increasing our appreciation and reverence of the graces of those two admirable works, incalculably pervert and lower it? Is it not equally certain that the Prayer Book would gain in proportion as it was relieved from the forced and unnatural laudation of it, which is thus thrust, as it were, into the mouths of those who, left to themselves, would honour and praise it as it deserves?

'It was observed of the oracle of Delphi, that during all the ages when the oracle commanded the real reverence of Greece, the place in which it was enshrined needed no walls for its defence. The awful grandeur of its natural situation, the majesty of its Temple, were sufficient. Its fortifications—as useless as they were unseemly—were built only in that disastrous time when the ancient feeling of faith had decayed, and the oracle was forced to rely on the arm of flesh, on its bulwarks of brick and stone, not on its own



intrinsic sanctity. May God avert this omen from us! It is only in these later ages of the Church, or chiefly in the Protestant portions of Christendom, that subscriptions have been piled up to circumscribe our oracle and our sanctuary. Let us show that we, in these later days, are willing to free ourselves from these unsightly barriers which encumber, without defending, the truth which they enclose and hide. Let us show that we, in our Reformed Church are not afraid to dispense with those artificial restraints which the Catholic Church in ancient, and, as we think, less enlightened times, scorned to call to its aid.'

Simultaneously with the publication of the pamphlet on which we have dwelt thus at length, is the movement to which we have referred for the enlargement of the mural boundaries of the Church of England beneath the leadership of the Bishop of London and Mr. Beresford Hope. The *Times* newspaper, in commenting upon the effort, told its readers a few important truths, and insisted very naturally upon the desirability of getting people for the churches before churches were got for the people. Mr. Spurgeon's vast tabernacle has become a great fact in London; but if a cluster of Baptists formed themselves into a committee to put up a similar building in some other part of London or one of the large towns of the empire, expecting that when the building holding its six or seven thousand was reared, some tongue would be found to fill it and crowd it, who would not laugh at the preposterous design? No; the process seems to be, first, get the man, the endowed and heaven-sent man, and he will gather the people and the people will raise the building. A million of money, the Bishop asks for. We have not estimated Mr. Spurgeon's place and power so highly as some, but it is not hazarding too bold a sentiment to say that if the million of money be raised, it will have no such effect either on the Church or on the world as Mr. Spurgeon has had with his more modest building limited to the cost of thirty thousand pounds. The crime of all this is against the common Christian sense of things. Nonconformists have thought far too much of chapels and walls in these latter days, but they never dreamed so mad a dream as that of thinking about buildings without any reference at all to the bodies to be put into them; it is quite easy to see, too, in Mr. Beresford Hope's mind, the latent bitterness against Nonconformists and their successful efforts. In his letter to the *Times* he sneers in several lines at that sad foe to the hard worked curate, 'the anti-Pædo-baptist grocer in Alma Row.' Yet we doubt not that the 'anti-Pædo-baptist grocer,' whom Mr. Hope admits to be his poor curate's richest resident, will not only be generally appealed to, but will not

withhold his subscription when the proposed subsidy is levied. Upon this the *Times* remarks :—

‘The Church of England claims to be in this country the recognised messenger from Heaven, and the special instrument for the salvation of souls, by improving them in this world, and conveying to them a blissful immortality. Its foundation in truth, and its power to reform, to soften, to refine, and to elevate, constitute its claims to the assistance of the State and the people. It can only deal by human means, by “earthen vessels,” as the Clergy quaintly and justly call themselves; and it is never so effectual as when its agency most resembles the natural relations of parent, brother, husband, neighbour, and friend. The institution and first propagation of the Society which has transformed the world and is the basis of modern civilization have been handed down to us in a portion of the Bible which even the critical German has not been able to disintegrate. Whatever may be said of other Books, the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles of St. Paul, with one or two exceptions not bearing on our purpose, are at least as genuine as *Cicero’s Epistles*. They tell us how a few men, of humble condition and mostly little education, set about the remarkable work of converting to one preternatural faith, one visible polity, and one rule of life, the entire human race, and actually did it as far as civilization and the Roman Empire had prepared it to their hands. Excepting that some of these men are related to have performed miracles on their first arrival at a place, and on extraordinary occasions, there is no such great difference between the means at their command and those of any clergyman instituted to a cure of souls in this country. It is very natural, and undoubtedly designed, that we should see how the first preachers set to work, and how they accomplished what alone was as great a wonder as anything else they may have done. When we look to the simple narratives, we cannot help becoming immediately conscious of a vast and unaccountable difference between the methods of that age and of this wherein we live. Then the man spoke to the man, at any time and place, in season and out of season, making himself “all things to all men,” preaching in a Jewish synagogue till turned out, or in the room of a philosophical lecturer, or in a private house, or at a river side, or in a lodging, at dawn, or at night. There can be no doubt of the immense difficulties which everywhere, and from the beginning to the end of the sacred story, beset the path of the preacher. Bigotry, science, cupidity, ruffianism, sensuality, and sloth, all combined their power to resist the great aggression made on their domains. But the preachers—insulated, wandering, and sometimes personally objectionable—persevered, talked, preached, governed, and founded the polity with which, after the lapse of near two thousand years, all the empires of the civilized world each claim a special identity. In the name of all that is wonderful how did these men do it? They talked, as we have said; they preached, they prayed, they went about from town to town

and house to house; they "broke bread" at houses in turn; and finally, one or two scholars among them left some books behind them. Some of these suffered much, and died to guarantee the truthfulness and the strength of their conviction. Nor did they simply add some volumes to the literature of the day and found a school of opinion. They had formed their followers into a Society, which was living when they died.

'What is remarkable about this mode of proceeding, and certainly most useful to remark upon, is its perfectly simple, natural, convenient, and practical character. It is just what anybody can do any day, anywhere, if he has the mind to it. It does not require an immense edifice, built for the purpose, or a large assemblage, or an imposing solemnity. It seems the very way to begin wherever a beginning is to be made.'

We are glad to express our clear conviction that thus and thus only can the Gospel spread. This is the missionary character of the Church, its highest character; and it supposes a vast amount of faith, indefatigable labour, and perseverance. And in manifold ways a power of energy, and industry, and holiness, like this, is, we believe, constantly put forth; but money will need to be distributed with very great care and prudence to obtain such results. Moreover, it is the fashion with these people quietly to ignore all labours which do not terminate in their own flock. All Dissenters, of every shade, lie beneath the dark night of spiritual destitution. Thus complicated and various are the questions which agitate the mind of the members of the Church of England. We may soon have occasion to refer to them again.

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V.

EDUCATION IN BRITISH INDIA.

**I**T is a vulgar error that popular instruction was neglected by the native princes or discouraged by the native priesthood. On the contrary, the Hindoo Shastras expressly declare, that 'of all gifts, the gift of knowledge, and particularly of religious knowledge, is the most important.' Hindooism, however, inculcated the lowest principles of morality; but these were inseparable from the superstitions taught by Brahminism. Murder was not deemed a crime among the Thugs, who, nevertheless, were excellent Hindoos, exemplary in all the relations of



domestic life : good sons, good husbands, good fathers. They gave tithes of all they possessed to the temples and pagodas, and, besides, a tenth of the gains derived from their professional assassinations. Sir Charles Trevelyan has stated their case in the following terms : 'The only difference between one of these Thugs and Mr. Wilberforce is this, that Mr. Wilberforce's conscience was rightly informed, and the conscience of the Thug was wrongly informed ; but they are both equally under the influence of religion.' To the same false system which classed the murders of Thuggism among the virtues, we must refer the exposure of the sick and the apparently dying on the banks of the sacred Ganges ; the practice of the conscientiously wicked swinging themselves on hooks passed through the muscles of the back at the Churuk Pooja, Suttee, infanticide, and other cruel and revolting customs. The same system teaches servility and revenge. Of these vices the following examples are taken from the 'Gulistan of Saadee,' which every Hindoo of a superior class reads. 'To strive to think differently from the king is to wash the hands in one's own blood. If he called the day, night, it is prudent to add, "Yes ; and behold the moon and the stars also."' This training naturally destroyed all mental independence. Revenge was inculcated in this precept : 'If a man who is stronger than you throws a stone at you, say nothing to him ; but when you see that man fallen into a well, then take a stone and fling it at his head.'

The highest style of native education was conveyed in the Sanscrit, Persian, and Arabic languages. The first was the language of the Shastras, which contained the Hindoo law ; the second of polite literature, after the conquest by Akber ; the third of the Koran, which embodied the code of Mohammedan jurisprudence. When the English obtained sovereignty the early governors deemed it politic to encourage the ancient languages. In 1781 Mr. Warren Hastings founded the Mohammedan college known as the Madrissa, at Calcutta, to assist in preserving a knowledge of Persian and Arabic literature. The funds were first supplied by rents of a grant of land in the neighbourhood of that Presidency capital. That endowment was afterwards commuted into a fixed income of 30,000 rupees (£3,000) per annum. The course of instruction included general literature, logic, rhetoric, philosophy, law, mathematics, and medicine.

In 1792 Mr. Jonathan Duncan founded the College of Benares, to preserve a knowledge of Sanscrit and Hindue among the Pundits. The fund set apart for its support was £2,000 per annum, charged on the revenue of the province. The studies

were grammar, rhetoric, the Vedant theology, the Mimansa philosophy, logic, the Sankua philosophy, the Puranic theology, law, arithmetic, and astronomy, Arabic, and Persian.

These were the two earliest endowments made under the British Government ; and it will be observed that they merely contemplated the preservation and extension of Oriental literature and science through the medium of Oriental languages.

In 1811 Lord Minto published an elaborate minute on native education, in which he pointed out regretfully the decay of native literature, which he attributed to the supremacy of the British Government, and the consequent impoverishment of the native princes and chiefs, whose revenues we had appropriated to ourselves. To remedy this evil his lordship proposed to endow two new colleges for Sanscrit literature, one at Nuddea, the other at Tirhoot ; but that scheme was never carried into effect. But in 1821, in lieu of these two colleges, it was proposed to have one at Calcutta ; and in 1823 it was resolved to erect an edifice for the new institution. Such was the origin of the Calcutta Sanscrit College. The endowment Lord Minto had proposed for Nuddea and Tirhoot was £2,518 per annum. That sum was accordingly appropriated, and a further annual sum of £500 was added out of the general education fund.

The Agra College was founded out of a bequest made by a native, Gungadhar Pundit, of a portion of the rents of villages in the Agra and Aligarh districts, for charitable purposes and native instruction. The Committee of Public Education decided that the wishes of the testator would be best realized by endowing a college at Agra, both for Mohammedans and Hindoos. Here Persian and Hindee are taught ; and when the pupils are sufficiently versed in those languages Arabic and Sanscrit classes are formed.

The Delhi College was also established by the bounty of a native, Itirad ad Daulah, minister to the King of Oude. The chief object was the teaching of Mohammedan doctrines in the city of Delhi ; but the Hindoos are not excluded, and instruction is given in Sanscrit.

The college at Hugli, about twenty-four miles north from Calcutta, is likewise indebted to native benevolence for its foundation. It was established by funds bequeathed by Haji Mahomed Mohsen. At first instruction was gratuitous ; but so many children came, of all castes and creeds, that it became necessary to charge a fee to all who could afford to pay. The majority of the pupils are Hindoos ; but there was no jealousy among the mixed races. This college was organized by Thomas Alexander Wise, M.D., who introduced the study of physical science.

He states that the Hindoos showed a greater aptitude for learning than European boys, and were much more disposed to learn English than the Mohammedans. The reason assigned is, that the former were more eager for gain, and a knowledge of the English language is requisite to obtain lucrative appointments. This Hugli College is a very superior establishment, free from all exclusiveness. It teaches the vernacular as well as the English tongues, mathematics in their application to astronomy, and, to a certain extent, to civil engineering. There is also a surgical and medical class, and many of the pupils become good anatomists, expert surgeons, and sagacious practitioners in the large cities. But these are comparatively modern improvements; for Mahomed Mohsen died in 1807; and at that date, and much later, so strong were the prejudices of caste, that none would touch or even approach a dead body, for fear of pollution.

The college at Dacca was founded on different principles than any of those already mentioned. There was no Hindoo or Mussulman foundation, and no classes for Persian, Arabic, or Sanscrit; but all races attended. It was supported by Government funds, and the education was conveyed in Bengalee and English. The instructions removed many false ideas, particularly the want of perception between truth and falsehood, which is one of the great defects of Oriental character. The natives are brought up with the notion that the detection of crime, arguing want of adroitness in its perpetrator, is more to be condemned than its commission. It was of such badly educated officials employed by Sir Thomas Munro, who selected the best he could find, that that illustrious Indian statesman said, that out of every hundred only three or four were not ultimately convicted of peculation and dishonesty.

All these collegiate institutions receive Government support, besides numerous elementary schools. Under the Bengal Government there are such schools in Assam, Arrcan, and Birmah; and the upper provinces at Bareilly, Jubbulpore, and Saugor.

In the educational history of India perhaps the most memorable event was the foundation of the Hindoo College at Calcutta; for it effected a revolution in feeling, thought, and conduct. It sprang into existence in 1816, entirely through native volition, and the subscribers were exclusively natives. Its chief promoters were Ramohun Roy, son of the Rajah of Burdwan, and Mr. David, a watchmaker of Calcutta. One of the most energetic of its earliest teachers was Mr. Derozio, a Eurasian. The founders had become sensible of the value of the English language and of English literature and science, and to teach these was the great object of the Hindoo College. No European interference was permitted. It was, however, agreed that a joint committee of Europeans and Hindoos



should be formed to organize the institution. That once effected, the former were to retire altogether from the management. A sum of £10,000 was subscribed; but the pupils were charged for tuition. It proved a failure, sinking to a mere elementary school, with some thirty or forty boys. The native superintendents then applied to the Committee of Public Instruction for pecuniary assistance, which was assented to on condition that the Committee should have some share in the conduct of the studies; but this was strenuously resisted, though they so far yielded as to allow the Secretary of the Committee to act as visitor. So fearful at that time were the native managers of Christian conversion, that they prohibited the pupils from attending missionary lectures given in the neighbourhood, or frequenting meetings where political or polemical discussions were held. The institution is now flourishing, having about five hundred students, who display a laudable proficiency in literature and science. This change from decay to prosperity was mainly owing to the efforts of the English visitor; and fortunately for the Hindoo College, the first appointed was Mr. Horace Hayman Wilson, the famous Sanscrit scholar, and late Boden Professor in the University of Oxford.

In the Madras Presidency much has been done for education by the Government, but still more by the missionaries. There is a large and flourishing school at Madura, established by the American missionaries, and a native institution on the Presidency capital, founded by a native, and called after him, Papiah's School. At Bombay there is a Board of Education. The Elphinstone Institution consists of a college, an upper and a lower school, and branch schools, in which there are on an average eight hundred scholars. The pupils have a very extensive acquaintance with the best English writers, and their mathematical attainments are highly creditable. There are also English schools at Surat, and from fifty to sixty in the province of the Presidency, for which masters are supplied from Bombay. As these are seated in agricultural districts, it seems injudicious there to attempt a high class of education. As the children will become cultivators of the soil, they really require no other instruction than reading, writing, and ciphering; but if the course of study is extended beyond these elements, it might be confined to the operations of husbandry, and not embrace the differential calculus or the method of working a quadratic equation.

In the three Presidencies there are medical colleges, excellently conducted; but it seems a mistake to train the students specially as assistants in the army, where, in fact, they are not wanted. At the military stations European ladies will not employ them,

though they are known to evince great skill and delicacy of hand as surgical operators. The wiser policy is to train them as practitioners among the native population; and no doubt they would achieve great success in the large cities.

Prior to the time of Lord William Bentinck, or in 1835, little or nothing had been done by the direct agency of the British Government to promote English education among the natives of India. We have seen that the Oriental languages had been supported; but these were the vehicles of superstition and immorality, and Lord Bentinck determined to introduce a new system. He appointed Mr. William Adam a special commissioner to inquire into the whole indigenous education in Bengal and Behar. Those provinces contained thirty-six millions of people. Mr. Adam proceeded to execute his task in the following manner. The country was divided into zillahs and tannahs, which in some degree may be assimilated to the departments and *arrondissements* of France. Zillahs are extensive territorial divisions, generally containing from 800,000 to 1,000,000 inhabitants, presided over by a judge, who has civil and criminal jurisdiction. A tannah is simply a police division. Mr. Adam, personally or by trustworthy agents, collected details from every house in each village or hamlet, and arranged his statistics in tabular forms with distinct columns. He classed children under five years by themselves, in a second list those under five and fourteen, and in a third list those above fourteen. He then divided the instruction given in these native schools into the elementary and the learned. In the former was included the ordinary rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic, taught in the Hindee and Bengalee tongues; in the latter, the higher departments of knowledge, taught in Persian, Arabic, and Sanscrit. These higher departments, from the character of the books studied, familiarized the pupils with the most revolting superstitions; they abounded with impure legends of the gods and goddesses, and all that is degrading to morals and virtue. In the elementary schools the teaching was very meagre and imperfect. The compensation to the masters was too low to command anything approaching to scholastic talent. It is scarcely credible, but it is an ascertained fact, attested by Dr. Duff, that the scale at Tirhoot, certainly the lowest in India, was  $1\frac{1}{2}$  rupee per month, or three shillings; and the highest, at Moorshedabad, was  $4\frac{1}{2}$  rupees, or nine shillings per month. Taking the whole of Bengal, the average paid to vernacular schoolmasters was 3 rupees per month, and teachers of higher learning about double that amount.

From the tables compiled by Mr. Adam from inquiry into the whole of Bengal, it appears that only  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of the adult



population could read ; and of the juvenile population below the age of fourteen there were 366 in 1,000, or 11-30ths ; and of that number below the age of fourteen, 3-7ths were of an age to go to school. Taking those numbers, and applying them to Bengal and Behar, it appeared that of children of an age to go to school, only  $7\frac{3}{4}$  out of every 100 received any instruction. In such a state of ignorance it is plain that however excellent the remedial measures introduced by Government, whether legislative, judicial, or administrative, they could produce no beneficial effect on the people.

In the year 1822 Sir Thomas Munro, then Governor of Madras, instituted an inquiry into the indigenous education of that Presidency, and recorded the following summary of the returns. He estimated the population at twelve millions and a half (which was very much below the mark) ; and out of these he ascertained there were only 188,000, or 1 in 67, receiving education. On this Dr. Duff remarks, 'This is true of the *whole* population, but not of the *male* population.' The exact number computed by Sir Thomas Munro was 12,850,000 : deduct one-half for females, the male population would then have stood at 6,425,000. Of these take the boys from five to ten years who ought to be at school at one-ninth, and that will give 713,000 ; but according to Sir Thomas Munro there were only 188,000, or about one-fourth of that number.

In the Bombay Presidency it was ascertained in the year 1825, so far as the Poonah district was investigated, that there were 60,000 male youths whose ages varied from five to fifteen, and 2,400 scholars who learned the spoken languages ; that is, 1 in 25, or of the whole who ought to have been taught, only 4 per cent. In 1842 an estimate was made of nine collectorates into which the Bombay Presidency was divided, when it appeared that the average proportion of male children receiving instruction between the ages of five and ten, was 17 per cent.

All these statistics are confined to boys, because only in very exceptional cases girls receive instruction. The natives object to it, deeming it highly improper to send them to a public school. In this respect Hindoos and Mohammedans agree, both considering women an inferior race, not fit to receive education. Mr. Bethune left a bequest of £10,000 for the education of native girls ; but it was not appreciated by those for whose benefit it was designed. This prejudice, which it may take years to conquer, is most deplorable ; for as mothers necessarily have the charge and earliest training of children, their ignorance becomes one of the most fatal impediments to the moral culture and elevation of the people.



In the North-west Provinces the following were the results ascertained during the able administration of Mr. Thomason. The population consisted of 3,700,000 Mohammedans, and 19,000,000 of Hindoos; or a total in round numbers of 23,000,000. Assuming the number of male children fit for instruction to be one-twelfth, which is the average in Bengal, there would be 1,900,000 who ought to be at school. But the number actually receiving instruction was 16,000 Mohammedans and 54,000 Hindoos; total, 70,000; or a per-centage of 4 in 100. In the native schools of the North-west the education was found to be as defective as in Bengal.

Such was the state of the North-west when Mr. Thomason was appointed Lieut.-Governor, in 1834. He established village schools at the head-quarters of each Tasildar, that is, of each Government revenue servant in the district. These are known as Hulkqua, or Hulkabundee Schools. They were located in the centre of a circle of villages, at the cost of those villages, from none of which the school was more than two miles distant. A certain number of them was superintended by a native visitor, and over all was placed a member of the covenanted service, whose duty it was to report annually on the whole system to Government. The management of the hill districts was confided to Mr. Edwards. We learn from his evidence, that when he commenced his labours there were no schools of any kind, the people being completely ignorant. Most of the hill districts were entirely under the rule of native chiefs. There were nineteen of these native hill states, with a population ranging from 500,000 to 600,000, and some few districts under the British Government; but the population of these was only from 7,000 to 8,000. All the native states were under British protection, but they are not subject to our judicial courts or our administration.

In the hill schools the course of education introduced was reading, writing, and the common rules of arithmetic, with some instruction in geography. The pupils chiefly belonged to the class of agricultural labourers, and the object was to instruct them in what might be useful in their calling through their future life. Among other contrivances adopted to that special end was a large public garden at Simla, to which the pupils were taken and instructed by an English gardener. One of the objects was to encourage the culture of tea in the hill districts. The chiefs supported these schools by liberal subscriptions. All castes attended, except the Pariahs, the lowest of all, but they did not eat together. There was no religious instruction, but the broad principles of morality were inculcated.

Throughout Upper India the cultivators of the soil are very industrious, and the best husbandmen in Asia, tilling every available spot of ground as diligently as a European ; but they do not enjoy the fruit of their labour ; and Mr. Edwards declares from personal knowledge, that such is the oppression and tyranny of the chiefs, that 'to have the reputation of wealth is much more dangerous than to have the reputation of dishonesty.' No stronger fact could be adduced to show the necessity of extending a moral education based on Christian precepts. It appears that the chiefs had formerly to conciliate the people, or they might have been deposed by successful rebellion ; but now that they are guaranteed in their dominions by the British Government, that fear is removed, and they domineer over their subjects with impunity ; so that our protection of the chiefs has proved a curse to the people. In those small districts to which we have alluded, where the natives are British subjects, law is justly administered : in the next adjoining valley the relations and friends of these more favoured people are subject to the most cruel despotism ; such as trials by ordeal ; for there is no regular legal procedure : still the British Government cannot interfere, though it has been frequently applied to for redress of grievances.

Lord William Bentinck was well aware that the scantiness of education, and more than that, the badness of the quality, must be absolutely removed before the benefits of a wise and righteous government could be established. He saw that the great source of evil was instruction imparted in the native languages, which contained all that was impure, immoral, and degrading. He therefore determined to introduce English into the schools, and discountenance Persian, Arabic, and Sanscrit. This roused a storm of indignation from the old Indians, who were attached to Oriental literature. The Hindoos, however, were anxious to learn English, as a knowledge of it led to employment and promotion in the Government service. It must, however, be observed, that though the general rule had been to endow the educational institutions for the teaching of the Eastern languages up to the time of Lord Bentinck's administration, some instruction in European knowledge through the medium of the English tongue, and through translations, had not been entirely overlooked by the Government Committee of Instruction. This progress had been partially made at the Madrisa and Sanscrit Colleges of Calcutta, and also at the Benares, Agra, and Delhi Colleges, to which English masters had been appointed ; but their salaries were small, and the classes badly attended. On the 7th March, 1835, Lord Bentinck, having fully resolved to supersede the old system, directed, that 'all the funds which these reforms will leave at

In the North-west Provinces the following were the results ascertained during the able administration of Mr. Thomason. The population consisted of 3,700,000 Mohammedans, and 19,000,000 of Hindoos; or a total in round numbers of 23,000,000. Assuming the number of male children fit for instruction to be one-twelfth, which is the average in Bengal, there would be 1,900,000 who ought to be at school. But the number actually receiving instruction was 16,000 Mohammedans and 54,000 Hindoos; total, 70,000; or a per-centage of 4 in 100. In the native schools of the North-west the education was found to be as defective as in Bengal.

Such was the state of the North-west when Mr. Thomason was appointed Lieut.-Governor, in 1834. He established village schools at the head-quarters of each Tasildar, that is, of each Government revenue servant in the district. These are known as Hulkqua, or Hulkabundee Schools. They were located in the centre of a circle of villages, at the cost of those villages, from none of which the school was more than two miles distant. A certain number of them was superintended by a native visitor, and over all was placed a member of the covenanted service, whose duty it was to report annually on the whole system to Government. The management of the hill districts was confided to Mr. Edwards. We learn from his evidence, that when he commenced his labours there were no schools of any kind, the people being completely ignorant. Most of the hill districts were entirely under the rule of native chiefs. There were nineteen of these native hill states, with a population ranging from 500,000 to 600,000, and some few districts under the British Government; but the population of these was only from 7,000 to 8,000. All the native states were under British protection, but they are not subject to our judicial courts or our administration.

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the disposal of the Committee be henceforward employed in imparting to the native population a knowledge of English literature and science through the medium of the English language.' This resolution excited fierce anger among the old Orientalists, who described it as 'an act for the extermination of the literature and classical languages of Hindostan.' There was more passion than sense in this description ; for it is certain that the Eastern books taught what was frivolous, useless, and false ; false chronology and history, false geography and astronomy, false civil and criminal law, false logic and metaphysics, false morals and religion. The fables and traditions may amuse those who have a morbid craving for excitement, but they can neither invigorate the intellect nor improve the heart. We may apply to them the cutting satire which Ferdousi applied to the imperial splendour of the court of Ghizni. 'The magnificent court of Ghizni,' he said, 'is a sea, but a sea without a bottom and without a shore : I have fished in it long, but have not found in it any pearl.'

It must also be remembered that Sanscrit and Arabic are no longer spoken languages in India. They are dead languages in the same sense as Greek and Latin are dead languages in Great Britain ; and Persian is no longer the language of official business, as it was by the imperial command of Akber. Even that illustrious monarch found it necessary to change the language of common life when he ascended the throne of Delhi, A.D. 1555. At that time various races, speaking various dialects, Hindoo and Musulman, presented themselves in the royal city ; but they could not traffic, because they could not understand each other. Akber therefore ordered that the language of traders should be Oordoo, which was the primitive language of the Hindoos (Hindee), modified by the Persian and Arabic, the language of their Mohammedan conquerors. Every one knows that when the Romans subjected a province they strove to introduce their own science and literature, and thus turn the thoughts of their new subjects into Roman channels. On this principle Lord William Bentinck acted ; and the wisdom of his policy is undoubted. Indeed, it was an act of justice to the natives ; for how could they be employed in Government offices unless acquainted with the English language ?

This grand and wise revolution in the educational system was only partially carried out by Lord Auckland. He upheld the teaching of the English language introduced by his predecessor, but he abrogated so much of Lord Bentinck's plan as took away the funds of the Sanscrit and Mohammedan colleges. In fact, he replaced those institutions on their old footing, and even aug-

mented their endowments. This retrograde step was taken in 1839.

In 1844 Lord Hardinge proclaimed a generous and enlightened policy. He ordered the Council of Education, and the several local committees, to submit to the Government returns of native students qualified to hold official appointments. This order was not limited to institutions supported by the public funds, but applied to all scholastic establishments without exception. This wise and equitable scheme was not carried out as Lord Hardinge intended. The students of the Government institutions largely availed themselves of his order, but other establishments were deprived of equal advantages, because the Council of Education adopted certain tests, many of a sectarian character, by which the one could profit, but not the other. At the Government colleges a certain system of instruction was followed, and a different one in the independent and missionary colleges. The tests of fitness were exclusively derived from the former, and thus the wishes and intentions of Lord Hardinge were frustrated. The students from the non-Government establishments never presented themselves for examination, as they knew they would be rejected, never having had the opportunity of qualifying themselves according to the tests, their studies not being of the same character as those of their competitors. Thus individuals were injured, and the State lost the services of many competent men, who became disaffected to the Government.

Mr. Charles Hay Cameron proposed a university in each of the four great capital cities of India ; that is to say, at Calcutta, at Madras, at Bombay, and at Agra ; these being the centres of four different spoken languages : Bengal, of the Bengalee ; Madras, of the Tamul ; Bombay, of the Mahrattee ; and Agra, of the Hindee. In each of these he recommended that English also should be taught ; the whole system to be conducted on the principle of the London University. In all these institutions, Arabic, Sanscrit, and Persian were to be excluded. The most proficient students were to receive some honorary mark of academical distinction, which would be a passport to the higher grades of employment, and indirectly raise up an antagonism to caste. At present there is nothing among the natives which corresponds to the degrees given in England in arts, divinity, law, or medicine. Those known as Pundits are not created by authority, but the title is assumed or conventionally conceded when a man has achieved a popular reputation for learning. The people pay great deference to scholarship, much more than to wealth. Thus a learned Brahmin, however poor, takes precedence of the richest Zemindar.



In 1857 Lord Canning gave his assent to a measure passed by the Legislative Council of India, to establish and incorporate universities at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay; but Agra was not included as Mr. Cameron had proposed, and the omission was a mistake. The preamble to all three is the same. It declares they are instituted 'for the purpose of ascertaining, by means of examination, the persons who have acquired proficiency in different branches of literature, science, and art, and of rewarding them by academical degrees as evidence of their respective attainments, and marks of honour proportioned thereunto; and whereas, for effectuating the purposes aforesaid, it is expedient that such university should be incorporated.' We need not enter into details of the internal polity of these universities, as they are copied from those of England. Each is to have a Chancellor, a Vice-Chancellor, and a certain number of fellows; and each is to confer degrees in art, medicine, and civil engineering. This last is a valuable addition to the English system. Its usefulness in India has been proved in what is known as Major Maitland's School, where the artificers are disciplined as a military corps, and instructed in all the duties of the Ordnance Department. The schools connected with the Public Works Department teach carpentry and the use of the forge and smithy; and every student is expected to master some one trade and craft, so as to be familiar with all its details, and acquire a knowledge of the requisite tools and implements. The last Government regulation to be noticed is the policy of making grants in aid of primary schools, either already established or proposed to be established by private subscriptions or endowments. They are to be given to all schools, whether male or female, vernacular or Anglo-vernacular, which impart a sound *secular* education; 'but it is to be distinctly understood that grants in aid will be awarded only on the principle of *perfect religious neutrality*, and that no preference will be given to any school on the ground that any particular religious doctrines are taught or not taught therein.' The grants are limited to schools under the management of one or more persons, who will be answerable for their permanence for some given time; nor will they exceed the amount of funds raised from local or other sources for the purpose which the grant in aid has in view. This assistance is confined to the following objects: the erection, enlargement, or repair of school buildings; the provision of school furniture; the augmentation of the salaries of teachers, or provision for additional teachers, and for pupil teachers; and also for books, maps, and school apparatus, at reduced prices.

It is specially to be observed that the study of the Scriptures,

as a course of teaching, is proscribed in all the Government institutions. There is no Christian instruction of any kind. This is what is to be understood by neutrality; though, as we have seen, *Hindoo and Mohammedan literature is encouraged*; so that we *exclude what we know to be true, and foster what we know to be false*. The excuse is, that the Shastras and the Koran contain the Hindoo and Mohammedan law, which the Pundits and Moolaries have to administer. On the other hand, Christianity is not taught, lest the natives should become alarmed that there was a design to overthrow their religion.

In the missionary schools, however, European literature and science are taught as in the Government schools, but the missionaries also make it a point to give instruction in the Holy Scriptures. This is the broad distinction between the two establishments. While those of the Government contain about 22,000 scholars, those of the latter have many times that number, 113,000. But the reason is obvious. Government demands an educational fee: the missionaries teach gratuitously, and their doors are thrown open to all classes, without distinction of creed or caste. The parents of Hindoo children do not from choice wish their children to be taught Christianity, but they do wish them to be taught the English language and European science, and they thus compromise with their consciences, and take advantage of the costless tuition of the missionaries. Mr. Wilberforce Bird states the Government case in the following terms:—

‘Private individuals have no public responsibility, and are allowed to do as they like; but it would be quite a different thing were Government to take a part. Anything happening in their schools that might be offensive to the general feeling of the Hindoos or Mohammedans might set all India in a flame; whereas anything may be done by the missionaries, who are known not to be under the control of the Government, and for whose proceedings the Government are not held responsible.’

It is a curious fact that this opposition of the Government, which existed in the earliest time of the Company, was the indirect cause of the great influence which the missionaries have acquired. At first the natives looked upon them with distrust, as the secret agents of the Government. The Hindoos remembered how the Mohammedans had constrained them by force, especially under the later years of Aurengzeeb, and during the whole reigns of Hyder and Tippoo; and they feared lest the English, superior to both in intellect, should accomplish by tact or cunning what the Mussulman had effected by violence. The Company were as much alarmed as the natives, though from a different reason, when the missionaries entered the

field. They opposed the Serampore Mission, commenced by Carey and Marshman. They sent out of the country Judson and Newell, the first American missionaries. This conduct caused a complete revolution in the native mind; for how could the Hindoos regard the missionaries as their secret enemies when they were openly persecuted by the Company?

The missionaries, however, were not much sought after or respected when they began their labours. Henry Martyn had to give a pice, a very small coin, to the beggars to come and listen to him. Chamberlayne used to be told, 'No one will hearken to you: what is the use of preaching?' He answered, 'We are burning the jungle. In due time people will come, and then we may sow.' That prediction has been realized. The Pegu mission is one of the most flourishing in India. Mr. Cincaid's congregation is said to number 15,000; and when his house at Rangoon was burnt down, it was rebuilt by subscriptions raised by native converts. Schwartz was a German missionary, and, being a foreigner, was known to be dissociated from the Government. He acquired very considerable influence, connecting himself with the native chiefs, and was tutor to the Rajah of Tanjore. The Tanjore mission, founded by Schwartz, is the oldest in the country; and he commenced that of Tinnivelly. As the missionaries won the confidence of the people, the richer classes selected them as teachers of their children, and sent them to their schools. As a proof of the liberalizing effect of British training, we may state that the present King of Cutch, who was educated by the Rev. Mr. Gray, a Church of England chaplain, abolished the practice of female infanticide in his dominions.

A serious evil, that requires immediate redress, is the neglect of Christian converts and their children in the humbler grades of life; but for this we do not blame the Church, as the chaplains are too limited in number to attend to this numerous, scattered, and growing class, who are not in any way assisted by Government, though they are to be found in various parts of India. English soldiers at different stations have married native women, and have native families. There are also many native Christians attached to the Commissariat and to other branches of the army. But while churches are built, and European chaplains are sent from England to administer to the spiritual wants of those in the direct employment of the Government, neither churches nor chapels are provided for these native Christians. In every department of the Indian Government native agency has been employed, except in the ecclesiastical; and it is strongly recommended that it should no longer remain



an exception to the general rule. Native Christians might be instructed and ordained, and many would qualify themselves had they a fair prospect of being employed as assistants to the European chaplains. No mere human agency could be more effective ; and as English teaching and English literature have already sapped the old foundations of Hindooism, of which we shall presently adduce abundant proofs, we are really checking our own progress by neglecting the lower orders of the people.

The missionaries have shown the Government the proper course to pursue in this department of spiritual supervision and aid ; but the pledge of neutrality prevents its being followed. Into the political reasons which dictate this conduct we are not now called upon to enter ; but we may quote from the evidence of Bishop Spencer, of Madras, who observes, 'I should say the natives rather despise us for our want of courage in setting forward our own religion.' While the Church of England, as such, fettered by the Government, is compelled to remain sluggish, the missionaries have been energetic. There are about 400 clergymen connected with Protestant denominations ; and, in addition, 1,600 natives are employed, who have been trained under the eye of the missionaries : of these, however, but few are regularly ordained—less than fifty—but all preach and teach in schools.

The progress of conversion has been necessarily difficult and slow. As Chamberlayne said, the first step was to burn the jungle. The Hindoo College itself carried the first flames among the briars and brambles. By studying European science in English books, and European literature in the writings of English poets, philosophers, and historians, the minds of the natives were opened and enlarged, and their pre-conceived opinions violently shaken, in many respects undermined. It will interest many to know the names of the first converts, about the year 1832. Among the earliest, Dr. Duff, the head of the missionary establishment at Calcutta, mentions Gopi Nath Nundi, a Kulin Brahmin of the highest class, who became an ordained minister in connection with the American Presbyterian mission in the North-west Provinces ; and the Rev. Krishna Mohan Banerjea, who joined the Church of England, and became one of the Professors of Bishop's College, Calcutta. After they had shaken off their idolatry, the great majority of the pupils did not adopt a purer faith, but became Atheists, ridiculing priests of every degree. After they had rejected Brahma, the first difficulty was to persuade them of the existence of God. When that was effected, those of willing and

inquiring minds were taught the evidences of Christianity. Some few then said, 'On the strength of these evidences we cannot but believe the Bible to contain a revelation from God.' Many, however, remained in a negative or transition state, saying, 'We can no more assert that this Bible is not a true revelation, but we cannot as yet decidedly and absolutely take it up and believe it as Divinely authorized truth.' Others, fully convinced of their past errors and of the new doctrines, expressed themselves in the following terms: 'We not only now believe this Bible to be a revelation from God, but we have comprehended its peculiar doctrines; we believe them; we feel their force in our minds, and their influence upon our hearts. We felt that we needed salvation, and we have found it here. We wish, therefore, openly to abjure Hindooism, and Atheism, and all superstition, and as openly to embrace Christianity.'

These results were effected, too, partly by the English teaching in English books in the Hindoo College, and partly by the subsequent labours of the missionaries. In the college Christian instruction was rigidly prohibited; but the old faith was destroyed simply by acquiring secular knowledge through English literature. This landed the pupils in Atheism. They were uneasy, and sought the aid of the missionaries, and were through them converted; for the Government dared not to interfere. On this process Dr. Duff has the following excellent and eloquent remarks: 'As it is not certainly good simply to destroy, and then leave men idly to go over the ruins, nor wise to continue building on the walls of a tottering edifice, it has ever formed the grand and distinguishing glory of our institution, through the introduction and zealous pursuit of Christian evidence and doctrines, to strive to supply the noblest substitute in place of that which has been demolished, in the form of sound general knowledge and evangelical truth.' The effort is worthy of all praise, but the success hitherto has been numerically small. In Dr. Duff's College the number of actual converts to Christianity during the whole period of its existence he himself computes at only forty; but many have been baptized in other places. We must not, however, be discouraged, but remember that we are still burning the jungle. Still among the higher classes Hindooism has received its death wound; and if many are still in the transition state, having no religion at all, we must continue to sow the seeds and patiently await the harvest.

Of the effects of teaching English literature in the Hindoo College we give the following illustration from a native newspaper, edited by one of the former pupils. 'The Hindoo

College has, indeed it must have destroyed many a native's belief in Hindooism. How could a boy continue to worship the sun when he understood that this luminary was not a Deustah (divinity), but a mass of inanimate matter? How could he believe in the injunctions of such Shastras as taught him lessons contrary to the principles inculcated by his lectures in natural philosophy? The consequence was, the castle of Hindooism was battered down. No missionary ever taught us (meaning the editor himself) to forsake the religion of our fathers: it was Government did us this service.' This last paragraph merely alludes to the pecuniary aid given by Government to the Hindoo College after its failure; for though it appointed a visitor, it could not interfere in the management.

Dr. Carr, Bishop of Bombay, gives another illustration of the decline of the ancient superstition. He quotes from a work written in defence of Hindooism by Gungadhar Shashtra, a Brahmin, one of the Professors, at the Elphinstone Institution. 'The ancient and noble edifice of Hindooism is now on all sides stoutly assailed by the adherents of a hostile faith; and we are filled with dismay at finding that there is also treason within. No wonder that the venerable structure is already nodding to its fall. I, by means of this little book, seek to prop up the building; but when its size and its ruinous state are considered, what hope is there that such a feeble book can prevent its falling? But as in the case of one who is labouring under a complication of diseases, and who evidently must die, we continue, even until death, to administer medicines, even so do I administer to the decaying system of Hindooism. Hindooism is sick to death; I am fully persuaded it must perish; still, while life remains, let us minister to it as best we can.'

Bishop Carr declares that he has frequently heard admissions by the natives to this effect: 'We know very well that we must all come to one religion.' He further states that the Signites, who belong to the southern part of the Bombay Presidency, have a tradition that all nations will become of one faith, and that the faith of a powerful people from the West. It is the opinion of Bishop Carr, that though the educated natives have renounced Hindooism and become infidels, they observe caste strictly; and this adherence he ascribes to a conviction that it confers social distinction among their countrymen. This may be true to a certain extent; but certain it is that the influence of caste has diminished and is rapidly and extensively diminishing. If caste confers many conventional privileges, it imposes many irksome obligations and liabilities. Among these we may refer to the ancient laws of inheritance. In one of the codes which



prevailed in the lower provinces of Bengal it was an essential principle, that ancestral property could not be alienated at all without consulting heirs, not only the living but the unborn ; and as this last condition was impossible, the inevitable conclusion was, that immovable property could not be alienated for any purpose whatever. The British Government set aside this stringent law by a regulation passed in the year 1825, which enacted that Hindoo ancestral landed property should be saleable by public auction in satisfaction of decrees of court, not only for revenue due to Government, but for private debts. This was the first blow. In 1832 the Court of Directors ordered an inquiry into the laws of inheritance as they affected those who might change their religion, whether Hindoos who might become Mohammedans, or Mohammedans who might become Hindoos, and either of those races who might become Christians. Lord William Bentinck changed the old law to this extent, that neither Hindoo nor Mohammedan, resident in the Mofussil, or country districts, was compelled to forfeit his property on renouncing his creed. But within the limits of Calcutta forfeiture was still incurred, because the Supreme Court was bound to administer the Hindoo law to Hindoos, or the Mohammedan laws to Mohammedans, within the limits of the Presidency capital. This anomaly was removed by the Act of 1850, which ensured the liberty of conscience, and protected all property from forfeiture on account of change in religion. Of course this struck a fatal blow at caste, by removing one of the most serious penalties for its infraction. The Hindoos complained, but certainly without reason ; for it is notorious that the majority of the Baboos, as the native gentlemen of Calcutta are called, would have lost their property without our interference, because, according to the strict letter of the Shastras, the loss of caste entails the loss of inheritance, and it is notorious that they are all in that condition. The Hindoos were ungrateful in their murmurings for during 600 years they had been under the rule of the Mohammedans, who uniformly enforced their criminal law against them, only allowing the Pundits to decide minor cases in civil law in which a Mohammedan had no interest. England, therefore, became their benefactors by placing them on an equality with their ancient oppressors.

Another blow was struck at caste in the funeral ceremonies known as the ' Gradh,' one of the most venerated superstitions. Those ceremonies must be paid at the tomb of their ancestors, on the anniversary of the last deceased parent, for the repose of his soul, and for the repose of the souls of all his preceding ancestors, because, if omitted, it is believed that the dead suffer certain

tortures in the next world. This was one of the most lucrative inventions of priestcraft, for it insured them a perpetual annuity; and therefore they supported it by threats and penalties. If the rites were not performed forfeiture of property ensued. This was abolished by the Act of 1850.

Another case of conscience has excited much discussion. It refers to married converts. Is a converted husband entitled to repudiate his wife, who adheres to her old faith; or a converted wife to repudiate her husband, who adheres to his faith? According to Hindoo law, as soon as caste is lost the person losing it becomes civilly dead, and the husband or the wife, as the case may be, might repudiate the marriage. Under strict Hindooism, if the husband lost caste the wife might separate herself from him, but she was bound to remain an unmarriageable widow for life. All the ministers of the Protestant Church have decided that the converted cannot contract a second marriage, because he or she takes upon himself or herself the Christian obligation of fidelity to death. This, however, is but a religious ordinance, not the law of the land; for the unconverted party cannot be placed under any such restraint. Still it is a blow at caste.

As an additional proof of the decline of Hindooism, young converted natives who have gone forth to preach the Gospel are received into the houses of the most respectable Hindoos, and are hospitably entertained in the rural districts by the heads of the villages. They give the preachers an apartment in their houses, and provisions, though they do not eat with them. Brahmins even visit and converse with them about religion. Surely this is great and encouraging progress, and should give us courage. Moreover, the early fear entertained by the Company of driving the natives to rebellion by shocking their prejudices, should no longer check or enfeeble our efforts in propagating truth. Where we have been firm they have yielded; and perhaps it is their own pusillanimity which gives them courage to threaten a resistance which they would not dare to carry out by overt acts. The examples we have first given are in point, and show that caste is not so formidable as many timid men have imagined. We may also refer to the successful abolition of Suttee, infanticide, the Juggernaut procession, and other similar practices. One of the latest proofs that we can put down abuses connected with superstition without kindling hostility, was the suppression of public works on Sunday by Lord Hardinge. His lordship also emancipated 800,000 slaves by a simple stroke of the pen. It was done in this manner: the testimony of slaves was admitted in courts of justice, and they at once became free. There was not the slightest resistance to the Act.

Hitherto we have ruled India by the sword; a costly instrument, which has exhausted our finances. We are now trying a new experiment, and so far as we have ventured we have no reason to be dissatisfied. We have to ascertain whether in India, as elsewhere, 'the pen is mightier than the sword.' At present it is certain, whatever may be averred to the contrary, that we do not reign in the hearts of the people. The Mohammedans regard us as infidel usurpers; so that their hostility arises from a mixture of religious contempt and military pride; and the Koran teaches the duty of subjecting all nations to the law of the Prophet. On them education will have little or no effect, perhaps for some generations to come. The Hindoos also consider us usurpers and 'mlechas;' that is, impure outcasts. But the Hindoo is more teachable than the Mohammedan, and experience tells us that we can operate on him by destroying the superstition of caste, which we have already done to a certain extent, and by giving him, when educated, a share in the civil government. The intelligent Hindoo, and especially the property classes among them, are convinced that were our supremacy overthrown, anarchy would ensue.

As a fatalist the Mohammedan is indolent; he does not strive to improve his condition; he has no self-reliance, and will not help himself. Not so the Hindoo: he will work, and work, and work hard, for promotion and gain; and we have remarked Hindoo parents readily make a compromise with their consciences, sending their children to the missionary schools, where they are taught Christianity, in order that they may learn the English language, to qualify them as clerks in mercantile establishments or in Government offices. Hitherto they have been distrusted because they have proved dishonest; but for this there were two causes. Their religion taught them that crime itself was not positively prohibited, but that the dishonour attached to it arose from the want of skill which did not prevent detection. With the fall of Hindooism this cause will disappear, as they are now being trained in morality. The second cause of their pilfering was the inadequacy of their pay; and before the time of Lord Cornwallis English officials were equally guilty, and for the same reason.



## VI.

## OUR BOOK CLUB.

TWO volumes of immeasurable worth are the *Life of Amelia Wilhelmina Sieveking, from the German, edited, with the Author's sanction, by Catherine Winkworth* (Longman & Co.), and its appropriate, and, for practical purposes, indispensable companion, *The Principles of Charitable Work, Love, Truth, and Order, as set forth in the Writings of Amelia Wilhelmina Sieveking, Foundress of the Female Society for the Care of the Sick and Poor in Hamburg.* (Longman & Co.). These are volumes which ought perhaps, in the estimation of many readers, greatly to modify the opinions expressed in the first page of our present number with reference to the writing and publishing of biography. We have no words sufficient to express our sense of the animating value of these two books. They are both no more than mere notes of a life fulfilling its conceptions of duty. There is no effort at writing. All the pages are as earnest as life itself. We know not whether many of our readers are in the habit of attending and reading at Dorcas and other such societies, but if so, then we would advise that those volumes should first be carefully read alone, and the practical pages condensed and read again aloud. This seems not only fitting as an honourable memorial to the distinguished woman who has been called the Tabitha of Hamburg, but the indefatigable activity, the cheerful good sense, and altogether unsentimental practicalness of her working, will make her an admirable guide to many who are seeking such a leader in such a work of consecration. The good hope we have that the biography especially will be well read, makes us the less regret the narrow space we can devote to the notice of it. Amelia Sieveking was one of an order of women of which Protestantism, it must be admitted, has not produced too many; although again, we have no doubt that the freedom and the reserve of Protestantism prevents such a life, and especially in the large towns of England, from being marked. In the history of this distinguished lady, it is very interesting to notice how her character gradually matured and developed itself, until the time came when she could devote herself to the activities for which so many previous years seemed to be a preparation. She herself said once to some of her pupils, that if she were to publish her own history, it would be under the title of 'A Happy Old Maid,' and her object would be to prove that 'true happiness is found even outside the Eldorado of matrimony.' This was said in reply to some remarks upon the apparent dreariness and thorniness of her life. She had indeed many thorns and trials,

but she professes that she has had so many roses, that a fear has come upon her when she thought of those words: 'Through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of God.' She began life with many difficulties, for she lost early her mother and her father, who had just before lost the whole of his fortune. Her family connections had been of the highest in the city, but the young girl cheerfully betook herself to the work of earning money, and her only regret seems to have been that 'it was something frightful to have toiled for a whole day, and to know at the end that the only thing I have accomplished is, that some one will possess an embroidered pillow-case, who would sleep just as well upon a plain one. All I want,' says the young girl, 'is to spend my strength upon things that have some worth and use in them.' A small independence subsequently left her, satisfied all her wants, and placed her above the necessity for these early toils. Her face was not considered beautiful nor her figure handsome, but this seems to have given her very little concern; and when at the age of nearly seventy, the numbers thronged around her shrouded form in the open coffin, to look their last upon that clear face and beautiful brow, it may very safely be believed that it received a far higher homage than the face most according to the canons of beauty. The first half of the biographical volume is devoted to the account of the growth of her personal character, her mental difficulties and trials, her early efforts in nursing and teaching. And it is interesting to notice of such a woman, that she was not as some such usually are, narrow-minded. She wrought down the foundations of her faith sufficiently to have her orthodoxy impeached. She was interested in the great spirit of the age—was a hearty reader of Shakspeare, only remarking in him what all wise Christian readers have remarked, the absence of the pure moral Christian ideal in character, the want of a thoroughly noble type of humanity. Her brother had written from England cautioning her against the English Dissenters at Hamburg, which we are delighted to see brings from her the confession of the manifold blessings derived from learned men and pious artisans and their wives, in whom the life rather than the knowledge of the faith is to be found; and from Gossner, and Geibel, and Neander, with which illustrious and beautiful names we are glad to see she couples that of our excellent friend the Rev. Mr. Matthews, now of Boston, in Lincolnshire, then minister of Hamburg, pastor of the congregation against which her brother cautioned her. At last, in 1831, the terror-inspiring spectre of the age, the cholera, swept over Europe and approached Hamburg, and Amelia Sieveking determined to consecrate herself to the work of nursing in the cholera hospital, placing herself at the disposal of the board of management. Thus she isolated herself from the entire outer world, excepting pieces of stray information which came in letters. Her letters were fumigated and again copied before they were sent to her friends. Here in attendance upon the dying and companionship

with the dead, she passed those months until the pest retreated, when she returned home. But this circumstance was the turning-point in her life. Her usefulness was now of a more public character than it had hitherto been. She founded her sisterhood of mercy, obtaining the help of twelve other ladies, in 1832. In 1849 the sisterhood numbered seventy-three members, and besides its original object, had established an almshouse for nine poor families, and a children's hospital. She acted upon the motto of Hannah More, 'Charity is the calling of a lady; the care of the poor is her profession.' Her labours multiplied; she seems to have not only possessed a soul of intense Christian love, but an inborn spirit of organization; and her utter freedom from all exclusiveness and bigotry, and her power to see and to love Christ in the least of the brethren, has in it, to modern denominationalism, something truly provoking. Her love of Christ, however, seems to have been the abiding presence and incessant inspiration of all. Of herself we seldom have met with a life more realizing the idea of abstract beauty. She would materially interfere with many of our impressions. She came to England, and her remarks upon us are charming. She appreciates us to the full. She says, 'At a certain distance I can fully acknowledge and enjoy the real beauty of their lives; but if we lived close together, we should naturally offend each other.' She suspects we should charge her with arrant heresy, and think her half lost if we saw how she spent her Sundays. She declares her utter inability to settle in England, for she says, 'The number of their "comforts" appear to me very uncomfortable, and in many cases quite a burden.' The dependence upon trifling outward things was irksome to her. Then again she testifies, 'It seems to me that though they value themselves so much upon their civil liberty, they make themselves, in what I think a most inconvenient way, the slaves of custom and fashion. The question whether a thing is genteel or not genteel is too prominent in all their social relations.' We don't wonder that she was glad to get back to the city where, with all her marked individualities, she was almost worshipped. A life more unlike English usages it would be difficult to conceive—getting up at five o'clock in the morning, sometimes no food for twelve hours; holding that eating and drinking are mere matters of habit, and that one may limit oneself in them. She says, 'To limit one's wants to the smallest compass, and to do everything for oneself without requiring help, seems to me fine and admirable.' She had the good sense to perceive that some of her notions and habits were somewhat cynical. They did not however interfere with her useful relations in all circles of society. With the Queen of Denmark she was on the terms of intimate, it may be said, sisterly friendship; a frequent visitor at the palace, and an interesting and constant correspondent. Some of her letters to the queen are not more beautiful than they are wise, though some of us would regard them perhaps as too large-hearted and loving. Thus she says, 'So even in looking on the hardened sinner,



I willingly admit the hope that I may one day welcome in him a brother in Christ. Nor have I ever met with a human soul in which I could say that the Divine element of life, love, was altogether dead.' In a passage too, which reminds us of some similar words in Baxter, she says, 'I must confess that the difference between the bad and good seems to me more in degree than in kind; and because I venture to believe that I myself have a share in the mercy of God in Christ, I cannot despair of the salvation of any soul of man.' Her intercourse with all orders of society led to the multiplication of efforts like her own. Miss Bremer called upon her; and while she was obliged to listen to a confession that all her novels were unknown, the distinguished writer carried away the Hamburg Reports, which proved to be receipts for a similar work in Stockholm. Of course she did not pursue her work in Hamburg altogether unimpeded, but every year brought her more affection and confidence. 'Blessed are they,' she exclaims in one of her letters, 'who suffer from home-sickness, for verily they shall be brought home.' She speaks of her departed friends and of the tears of longing desire for the reunion. She died in 1858, after a life of holy, indefatigable toil; then, for the next few days, the inanimate body lay strewn with flowers, with deep peace on the wasted features and clear brow. Even in death she desired to preach: she wished to combat the prejudice of the poor against a pauper funeral, and she desired, both by word of mouth and in writing, to be buried as a poor person. Her coffin was made of four black boards, and carried by two appointed pauper-bearers, on the pauper's bier, to the churchyard, and set down on the church path. Here it was soon covered with flowers and garlands. Troops of friends, rich and poor, streamed out of the city and the suburbs; the pastor Rautenberg, her own friend of many years, and the friend and fellow-student of her beloved brother, early removed, Gustavus, spoke to the multitude from the text, 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.' Then eight brethren of the Ranhehaus advanced and took up the coffin, carrying it to the old tomb of the Sieveking family, all the children chanting as they went, 'My life is hid with Jesus.' Amidst the nodding of trees and the twittering of birds that April spring morning, they left to slumber till the morning of the resurrection one of the most beautiful illustrations of modern womanhood.

We have already said that the volume of 'Principles' should go with the Biography, but may be used without it. It is full of valuable hints. Like every true woman, Miss Sieveking was much moved by the consideration of the unmarried of her own sex. Her cheerful, royal nature enabled her to talk about old maids with a good deal of freedom, and she thought much of finding some compensation of existence for those who had not attained the natural end of woman's life. She says, 'Alas! I have seen many a poor isolated creature, whose countenance has filled me with profound commiseration, shut out from the circle of family life; she stands

like a bare tree without blossom or fruit, and all her higher life seems to have died within her as the sphere of her thought and activity became narrowed, till at length it was bounded by herself.' It is a beautiful characteristic of her mind that there was at once so much freedom with so much order and precision. She discusses in her rules and hints many difficulties as to whether the ladies of her society should visit sick men as well as sick women. She sweetly says, 'I cannot believe that the purity of a Christian maiden is endangered when, in simplicity of heart, she visits a poor sick man, and in him seeks to serve her Saviour; true purity of heart is not as the snow of spring which is so quickly trodden into mire; it rather resembles the white plumage of the swan which is not easily defiled from without.' On the contrary, she did not think it necessary to give the oversight of her institution to a clergyman. 'We have never felt the necessity of placing a man at the head of our administration,' she says. Indeed, good sense rules and pervades all her words and actions. She remarks how faith sharpens even the earthly eye; and she shows how truest love can sometimes be stern, and how the most perfect order need not degenerate into routine. We trust these volumes, the records of one the latchets of whose shoes few of us are worthy to unloose, will hold a permanent place in the library of every Christian lady.

A LITTLE volume, very similar in character to the *Manse of Mastland*, which we some time since commended to our readers, is, *My Ministerial Experiences*. By the Rev. Dr. Buchsel. (Berlin: Alexander Strahan & Co.) Unlike the *Manse of Mastland*, which is a sort of Dutch 'Vicar of Wakefield,' these 'Ministerial Experiences' seem to be those through which the writer himself has really passed. It is a most suggestive, pleasant, and useful book, and will put before a young student or minister many of those difficulties which, clearly resolved into words, are half defeated because they are distinctly realized and seen. The volume brings 'Ministerial Experiences' in the form of contributions to practical theology, and very interestingly sets before us in a manner which, if not humorous, is tender, pathetic, and humane, the great sin of the Evangelical Church in troubling itself so little about its candidates, and sending them into active service ignorant of what the service requires. Dr. Buchsel testifies his belief that he who knows one man thoroughly, knows a whole class. He relates to his readers how, through a long course of years, he was gradually approaching from great universal truths to their relation to individual consciences. Many preachers will sympathize with his first experiences in the matter of preaching: how, on the Sunday evening, he began to be haunted and troubled with the thought of the next Sunday's sermons, the next Sunday's sermons lying like a weight upon his heart the whole of the week; thus, on one calm evening he stood by the sea shore and contemplated its calm, clear mirror; but, he says, 'there was no peace in my heart. A man passed me by with a net, and I asked

him whether he had caught anything, but he answered roughly, "Not I; there are plenty of fish to be had here, but I don't know rightly how to set about it." I, too, don't know how to set about it on times, a voice kept repeating the whole of my homeward way.' We suspect that this would be testimony of thousands of our young students honestly given. Dr. Buchsel supposes that the experiences through which he passed in the rationalism of his young ministerial days is a forgotten and unknown thing. We believe not, and therefore we regard this little volume as a very delightful addition to the ministerial library, and we think it will be valuable as showing the necessity, not only of demonstrating the science of redemption to the mind, but of impressing its truths upon individuals and classes.

**S**AMUEL MARTIN so seldom appears as an author that we may perhaps be pardoned for wishing that the little interesting volume, *Extra Work of a London Pastor* (Book Society), had assumed a more ambitious appearance. It is composed, for the most part, of lectures delivered at Exeter Hall, and while in reading them we miss the magic of the speaker's accent, we recognise his impressive and practical wisdom. We believe, indeed, that this extra work of the pastor has ceased to be extra work; it is now almost an integral portion of the pastor's duties; and some pastors, perhaps, have had to inquire whether the first idea entertained of them were not that they were lecturers. Among the subjects treated in the volume are, Money, The Instincts of Industry, The Great Exhibition of 1851, Anglo-Saxon Christianity, Gambling, and Cardinal Wolsey. The form in which they were delivered is retained. The lecture is not usually regarded as the most attractive reading for the study or the fireside; let us express the contrary opinion, and say that while they do not add to the information we have upon the subjects upon which they treat, their style is calm, very thoughtful, has all the wise strength and the occasional sharp and salient touch of satire for which Mr. Martin is more remarkable in the pulpit than in the lecturer's desk.

**B**OOKS about London always interest us, and therefore we received with pleasure, looked over with more pleasure, and intend to spend some more time still with *London Scenes and London People. Anecdotes, Reminiscences, and Sketches of Places, Personages, Events, Customs, and Curiosities of London City, Past and Present. By Aleph.* (W. H. Collingridge.) These various papers appeared in that unambitious but most useful weekly gazette, the *City Press*. They are written by one who professes to put down many old traditions from memory, and the volume is illuminated by many really illustrative and graphic little cuts. We have not looked at the book with a sufficiently critical eye to be sure that every little particular of date and statement is quite correct. We are grieved that we have not done this, because we are quite aware that now the true value of any review of a topographical volume is the demonstration of its



faultiness and fulness of error. Should any of our readers, however, procure this volume, and carry it in their pockets up or down the Thames to Twickenham or to Greenwich Park, they may assure themselves of a chatty and entertaining companion, reciting to them the stories of many forgotten celebrities—Peter Waghorn, the tinman of Holywell Mount; Sir Harry Dimsdale, the last mayor of Garrett; the story of Mary Rice, the stockbroker's widow; Peter Stokes, the flying pieman—these, with sketches more antiquarian and archaeological, make up a very pleasant yet modest volume. We hope that the success of this will be sufficient to encourage the author to give us, which he doubtless easily can, a second series.

#### THE STUDENT'S TABLE.

WE are glad to receive the current volumes of *Clark's Foreign Theological Library, Theological and Homiletical Commentary on the Gospel of St. Luke, from the German of J. J. Van Oosterzee, D.D., Edited by J. P. Lange, D.D., Translated by Sophia Taylor. Vol. II.* Our readers do not need to have the method of this valuable commentary introduced to them; it follows appropriately the invaluable commentary of Lange on Matthew, and the method adopted is the same. We know of no commentaries we should so cordially and confidently place in the hands of working ministers and students as these. There is a comprehensiveness in the treatment of the chapters, in which deference is paid alike to criticism, doctrine, and homily, which, if produced by an English preacher, could not fail to make him most acceptable and instructive. The volume before us is the fifth of the commentaries on the method of Lange. Our hearty thanks are renewed and recorded again to Messrs. Clark for another valuable addition to the Biblical and Theological Library.

AT the same time we are pleased to receive, to acknowledge, and to commend the last volume of Dorner's 'Christology.' *History of the Development of the Doctrine of the Person of Christ. By Dr. J. A. Dorner, Professor of Theology, University, Berlin. Division II. Vol. III. With an Appendix, containing a Review of the Controversies on the subject which have been agitated in Britain since the middle of the Seventeenth Century to the Present Time. By Patrick Fairbairn, D.D. (Clark's Foreign Theological Library.)* To express opinion upon this great work is quite superfluous, its worth and interest are too extensively known. This volume, the fifth, completes the work, and everything has been done to render it perfect in its English dress. We are glad to see a copious index,

and while we cannot subscribe to all the views of Dr. Fairbairn—and in some pages he looks rather too much like the theological apologist and too little like the calm historian—he has given no doubt what will be regarded as a very necessary and able chapter to complete the review of opinion. We do not refer now to what we are constrained to feel as some omissions in the ‘History of the Doctrine of the Person of Christ’ among our English teachers. It is enough to say here, we are glad to find *Dorner* in an English edition upon our bookshelves.

**M**R. NICHOL pursues his benevolent course, and presents at a very cheap rate invaluable editions of the Puritan Fathers. In the two volumes before us we have books not long since exceedingly rare, and to all to whom the expositions of the Puritan men have any value, exceedingly rich. *An Exposition of the Prophecy of Hosea. By Rev. Jeremiah Burroughs, 1643. Completed by Rev. Thomas Hall, B.D., and the Right Reverend Edward Reynolds, D.D., Bishop of Norwich, revised and corrected by the Rev. James Sherman.* (Edinburgh: James Nichol.) The second volume we have received contains *Jenkyn on Jude, Daille on the Epistles to the Philippians and Colossians. Also revised by Mr. Sherman.* We do heartily trust that Mr. Nichol will reap, in a very large sale, the reward of this excellent enterprise. The simple duty in the matter seems to be for all churches to present their pastors with these, and with many other such volumes; for, poor things, we know they usually are unable to purchase them for themselves, unless at the expense of a coat.

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